

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND #6

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2005 • ABSOLUTELY FREE

PUNK, HARDCORE & METAL - THE SCUM ALSO RISES

MISFITS



IN THIS ISSUE



MISERABLE

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Jaded Jinas

THE DEAD INSIDES BRIAN CLEMENT



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ABSOLUTE EDITORIAL

We're back! The Helloween special, and this time it's out in October not December. Be warned, this issue is full to bursting with evil goodness. We've recruited local punk rockers Rob Nesbitt from Astro Zombies, Bum & AK47 plus Ratboy Roy from Alcoholic White Trash to share with you their feelings on the Misfits. Who better to write about music than musicians? We'd also like to welcome Robin Bougie of Cinema Sewer fame to the fold. He'll be bringing us regular installments of exploitation, smut and old porn reviews.

Had a blast at a bunch of shows recently, especially my life changing encounter with the new metal giants GOLGOTHA. Laughed my ass off at the last SHIVS show, where Blind Mark fell into the drum kit and off the stage about a million times. I took part in the mini-riot that was Zombie Walk in Vancouver and checked out my boys GREY ARMY at the Asbalt, these are the mutants kids in the basement you've been looking for. Also bore witness to the triumphant return of the mighty HOOSEGOW, welcome back Tyler. Extra big props go out to all the exceptional bands who pitched in to help the Absolute Underground benefit shows kick so much ass. Just wanted to praise our layout guy extraordinare Bill Code for all the time and effort he's put into making this mag, we couldn't do it without you, big baller. We have big changes planned for next issue so be sure to keep an eye out for the black Christmas issue.

-Ira "Horrorshow" Hunter

Here we go... issue # 666. Halloween, the only holiday I care about besides maybe New Years. It's our one year anniversary, a big round of applause to everyone who has worked their asses off. Bill Code, my partner in crime Ira who really has worked his ass off and our right hand man Chris Inflicted. Also thanks to the many bands who supported the A.U. fund raising weekend as well as our many advertisers without whom this project would quickly sink. The last year has been a real learning experience to say the least and hopefully this next year will go as smoothly. We've been throwin' around the idea of going monthly plus we scored an office space with a 1-800 # so any idiot anywhere can call us. And keep checkin the web page because we're gonna start posting MP3's of the featured bands, same with video clips. And I'm personally offering a case of beer to the person that draws up our next logo. Peace out

-Willy Jak

LETTERS

Agnostic Front as a cover story! MY type of rag! The best issue yet. I think the future is bright for Absolute, it is certainly filling a niche and doing a fine job of it. - Erik the Dead or some cheesy shit like that.

Hey AU, Just thought I would drop you a line and say "Your publication kicks ass!!!" A solid read each time. - J Townsend, Rek Magazine

The mag needs more jay brown, less ty stranglehold. - Jay Brown

The weed olympics is awesome, do you need some weed to sample for next issue? Editor: prank call!!! sorry to disappoint, it's all fake prop weed.

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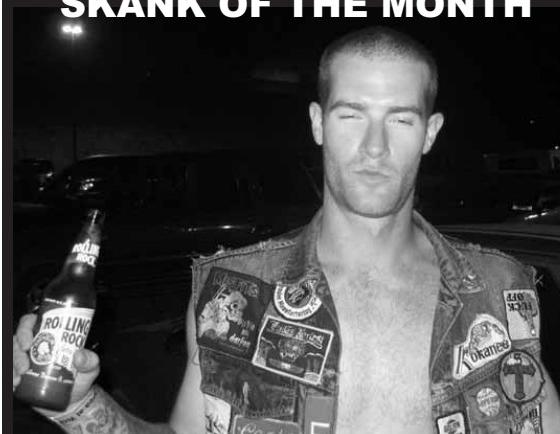
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SKANK OF THE MONTH



Get in line ladies!
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LID OF THE MONTH



Just one of the
many Mullets
at OZZFEST



Denis "Piggy" D'Amour
September 24, 1959 - August 26, 2005
photo: ronald macgregor - lucienfrancoeur.com

GUITAR PLAYER OF VOIVOD DIES

Piggy passed away Aug 26th due to complications of advanced colon cancer.. So advanced that it had spread to his liver, he slipped into a coma and died less than 24 hours later surrounded by family and friends. Voivod had just been in the studio working on their 14th album two dozen tracks are believed to have been recorded.

REST IN PEACE!

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ONLY FALLEN SOLDIERS

KEN JENSEN

a.k.a.Kenny Hanson...way back in the mid eighties this guy was the drummer in a band called SUBURBAN MENACE and the legendary Victoria punk band RED TIDE...One time in '87 I saw him play drums at the rats nest in a band called MOTORHOME with RANDY LONG on bass. And they would later be buried in the same cemetery. After that he was in the HANSON BROTHERS and landed the job drumming for D.O.A. which was like a dream job because they were one of his favorite bands. Scott Henderson told me that Ken was a heavy smoker, and was in the habit of smoking a last cigarette before bed and one night the couch caught on fire ...and he almost made it to the front door...I had the misfortune of being in the studio with Scott when he got the bad news and he was so bummed out and when he hung up the phone he looked at me and said "I always told him cigarettes would kill him."....One time about 6 months before this went down in about '94 I was making photocopied stickers at monk office supply when this old guy came up to check out what we were all about then he tells me his son was drumming for D.O.A. and he seemed so proud. There's a bench at Thetis Lake dedicated to him.



TERRY VANFLEET

Terry was a killer guitar player he played for years in Micky Christ and before that he played guitar with Ike Turner.

On Dec 15 1998 a truck driven by two guys who had just got kicked out of the Red Lion, was traveling at 50 mph., southbound on Blanshard St. The truck hit Terry who was riding his bike. He hit the wind shield flew over the truck and landed in the back....

Some witnesses called the cops and the next morning when they tracked the guys down, the guys said they didn't know what the cops were talking about. Then when they went to take a look at the truck...they found him dead in the back.

CHRIS BUCK

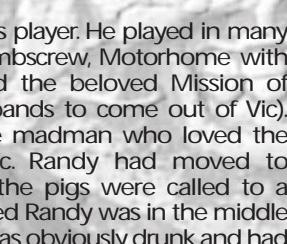
Chris was an old time piss alley punk back at the beginning of punk rock as we know it in Victoria. He started a band called Jaundice Penguin in '83. Then We Don't Do Much, both of which were straight punk bands. Then in the early eighties his music turned more metal crossover like most bands around that time. Around that time he joined Sludge Confrontations with John London and Kev Smith. In the late eighties his sound turned more prog rock with the band Shovelhead. Then he even went on to experiment with dub music in Pacific Frontal system. Chris let the drugs get to him and with a good attempt to quit, and a time clean he decided to have one last hit and left us.



RANDY LONG

Randy was an awesome bass player. He played in many bands here in Victoria, Thumbscrew, Motorhome with Kenny Jensen, Atrocity And the beloved Mission of Christ.(one of the greatest bands to come out of Vic). Randy was also a complete madman who loved the booze and hardcore music. Randy had moved to Edmonton and one night the pigs were called to a disturbance. When they arrived Randy was in the middle of the street with a knife he was obviously drunk and had cut his chest up with the knife. When the cops

approached him he said "shoot me" and they did. I've always wondered why they couldn't have subdued him or why they didn't shoot him in the leg or something. Randy left behind a pregnant girlfriend , .. and today that kid Alex can be seen rippin it up at the Vic West skate park.. p.s. fuck you Edmonton p.d.



Halloween is all about remembering the bros who have passed on... so that's why ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND has compiled a little list of some of our fallen soldiers. Now we realize that the list could have gone on forever and probably filled an entire issue but this is the list of guys who immediately popped to mind, many of which were very close or in a few cases related to someone in the A.U. family. It may be a little morbid but we don't want to forget these guys. In the case of Pete Randell who died thirteen years ago when he was only nineteen, it was hard tracking anyone down that knew the facts of the matter. As luck would have it his dad has been pushing for legalization and I found articles he had written as recent as two years ago on the internet. So on that note thanks to everybody for your help on this article especially Ricky Jak, "Blind" Mark Halady, and Jeff Harley....HAPPY HALLOWEEN.

BUBBA

Greg "Bubba" Halady was originally from Frt. Saskatchewan Alberta. At fifteen he saw Black Flag and it changed everything. Between playing hockey and going to punk shows he used to do volunteer work with the blind. Around '89 he formed the Junky Gods with his brother Blind Marc. They were a kind of punk Velvet Underground meets Deja Voodoo. Around '91 he moved to Victoria, found a room for rent in what turned out to be Aaron Clarke's mom's house. In '93 he brought his brothers band the Boozehounds out to Victoria and they played three shows with Aaron Clarke's band Left Of Center ..I saw one of those shows at that all ages venue called Go-Go which is now that dive Evolution. In '95 the Boozehounds split up and Blind Marc and guitar player Jeff Harley moved to Vic., then started one of my all-time favorite bands period, Drunk Tank. Those dudes rented a house on the corner of Tillicum and Transfer and started hosting parties and inviting bands to play, that's where I met them. They were playing shows as soon as they had six songs in the can. In 2000 Bubba was diagnosed as bi-polar. And on April 16 2000 he passed away. He always jumped in head first, the highs were very high but the lows were very low. Through all of this he always found the time to help those less fortunate than himself. Depression, pressure and questionable medical procedures and self prescribed drugs took Bubba away from us way too early.



PETER RANDELL

Peter played in a cool metal band in Victoria called Moral Decay. He loved to read, and in the years before he died he read the works of a lot of authors who were into substance abuse like William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, Henry Miller, and Charles Bukowski. Pete was also a talented writer himself. His dad Allan says Pete thought that heroin would enhance his creative talents, as it had for these writers. He also knew that heroin had been the drug of choice for rock and jazz musicians for over fifty years. So he tried it and died. That was back in Feb. '93 and Pete was only nineteen. Half a dozen people took heroin that night but only Pete died.



HANS FEAR

Hans was a seriously talented artist and skateboarder. He used to shred at graffiti, did the art on punk rock records, skateboards, gig posters and everywhere else and lived the life of a true skater.



Hans had schizophrenia and struggled with the illness for years, but throughout that time he continued to produce mind blowing art work. After awhile it just got to be too much for him and in 2001 he committed suicide at the age of 31.

BEERCAN DAN

Beercan Dan was a scumfuck extraordinaire. He always had a smile for a bro and was front man for Unbound, a particularly brutal and aggressive metal band. He found a way off the streets here and had been doing outreach for the last few years with the YMCA. He wrote and recorded a solo album here in town under the name Beercan Dan and The Empties (the Empties being his back up band of empty Old Stock cans). His music can be heard here: <http://wickedswank.multiply.com/music>. His songs and writing gave us a small glimpse into the way that Dan saw the world. When he died accidentally on July 31st, 2005 he left behind a very devastated street and blood family. His words, both on paper and cd leave us something to hold on to though. 'Cus I bet there's something we ain't seen around the bend. RIP Scumfuck we'll see you on the next hellride.



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Rides Again

by Jym Wilson

You probably all know Tyler if you don't you should. I recently had the opportunity to sit down with this staple of the Victoria punk scene and find out how Tyler Forslund became Ty Stranglehold. Tyler moved to Victoria in 1994 from Vernon BC. He soon started co-hosting a radio show on CFUV with Keith Powell, program director at the time. The show was called The Anti-Grunge Show, and after about a year of co-hosting Tyler took over & and changed the name to Area of Refuge, which lasted from 1995-2003. Due to the fact that "CFUV didn't seem to be interested in a true punk show" says Ty, "they did everything they could to get rid of it," and the show was cancelled.

Tyler was also writing and distributing his own fanzine at the time, Mystery Meat, which started in 1996. It "grew out of my writing for Offbeat getting heavily edited so one night I had a brain storm that I would write my own zine". He was once again inspired by Keith Powell, as he was also writing for his zine Silent. Mystery Meat ran seven issues till 1999. "Mystery Meat introduced me to a lot of close friends and current band mates, the most predominant of those bands was Lid. From the 1996-98 era of Victoria punk rock a lot of bands seemed to branch from Lid. For me not only was my first time on stage singing covers with Lid but from that Matt (then Lid guitarist) called me and asked me to sing for a new project, and the Jizzwailers started". The Jizzwailers were together from March 1999 until 2001, releasing one album ("Sweet Zombie Jesus... It's The Jizzwailers" released in 2000). "Matt and Steve went on to the Shivers and I got a call from Lee he told me I was playing bass in his new band & I told him I didn't know how to play bass & he told me it didn't matter. So we got together for our first practice and realized the drummer wasn't going to work out. I called Sarah, (the Jizzwailers bass player) and she became our new drummer". The Staggers were born and they were around from 2001-2002. "The Staggers was ridiculously fun. It was also cool seeing Lee turn into Leeroy Stagger: Alt Country Superhero".

"After taking the winter off (from music) I decided I needed to start a band this time as a singer because that is what I was into doing. I wanted to do a band that was my vision with more of my own influences" Tyler says. "My

whole idea for the band was to bring back the sound that I liked from the mid 80's. Living in a redneck hick-town with no bands to see, my life was consumed with skateboarding. It was a big part of how I got introduced to punk music. The bands I read about and discovered through Thrasher magazine really influenced me when it came time to do my own band. No one was really playing skate-rock anymore; in fact the term skate-rock had been co-opted by shitty mall punk bands. I figured I would be the only member of the band who was into that (real skate-rock) but it turns out we all still or have skated so it's good that we all know where it's coming from". The band started when Scott from Live Victoria called Ty & asks him if The Staggers would be interested in opening for Tim at Thursday's (now Logan's). "I told him The Staggers were done but my new band The Hoosegow would play. I hadn't even asked anyone to be in it yet all I had was the name, which I grabbed from a song by Smut Peddlers that I just couldn't stop listening to". Tyler had less than a month to find members and write songs. In March of 2003 "I talked to Jay (Brown, AWT drummer), since the drummer was usually the hardest to find, he said he would play so I snagged him right off the bat". Next came Brian "I met up with Brian at a bar one night he was shittered and told me if I needed a bass player to call him. So Brian, Jay & I started jamming, we tried out a guy on guitar but it didn't even last one jam, it was wrong. I started to panic a bit because I knew the show was coming up so I phoned Big Rick (Lid drummer & The Sweathogz guitarist) and asked him to play fill in on guitar for the show. It was amazing how fast the songs came together when he showed up. We got eight songs ready and rocked the show". Rick decided to stay on and it took off from there. "We started playing a lot of shows here and in Vancouver. On one of our trips to Van, Brian had a freak out and tried to fight the rest of the band. The next morning we were on our way to the ferry and Brian was still in Vancouver somewhere. Glen (Lid) happened to be driving us in his van on that trip. On the way home we asked him how he would feel about playing the bass in The Hoosegow. He joined and a few months later we went to The Ratsnest & recorded The Last Buffet". Since then, The Hoosegow have played a lot of shows opening for SNFU, Slave Co., even a couple of Island tours with The Ripcordz not to mention playing with



lots of local bands both in Victoria and Vancouver, making fans and friends along the way.

Ty moved in the spring of 2004 but the Hoosegow went on as a long distance band still jamming and playing shows although much less frequently. "I moved away to Vernon to start a family. We (Tyler, his wife Elise and daughter Sophia) decided that we missed Victoria too much and moved back so The Hoosegow rides again. In July of 2005 we came back to town (although not moving back till September) to record our a batch of seven songs, The Eat, Drink Skate Sessions, which is still unreleased." Tyler says that Eat, Drink, Skate can sum up The Hoosegow in three words, "It's what we like to do. When I was writing the song I realized that it is a circle of rules, laws really, that keep each other in check. If you drink before you skate you'll have courage to try things you normally wouldn't. If you eat before you drink you won't get too plowed and hurt yourself. If you skate enough you'll stay in good enough shape that you won't have a heart attack from over eating. I have trouble with the last one, but I'm working on it."

Along with recording and playing shows The Hoosegow also have a lot more merchandise than your average bear. "Being a screenprinter for a living allows me the opportunity to make more affordable merchandise than most bands, not so much for capitalist aspect as much as I love making cool stuff". The Hoosegow has shirts, hoodies, patches, pins, stickers, and in the near future expect hats, touques, bottle openers, beer cozies & more. As well as through some on-line connections they now have skateboards and an awesome website you may want to take a look at go to www.thehoosegow.com.

"We are working on new songs & finishing the EP & maybe a small tour in the spring. We just played Calgary and it was so rad we have to go back."

So, Vic Punk's "Fattest Son" is home where he belongs and The Hoosegow are in full swing. Their new songs are their catchiest and most together yet, so check them out at either the local watering hole or the nearest all-you-can eat buffet. Either way, they'll be making a scene.



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Jaded Jinas

BY EMILY KENDY

Stephilla Stillborn

Voted Most Likely To: Die of a drug overdose before the band becomes famous.

Weapon of Mass Destruction: guitar

Bastard Daughter of: Wendy O. Williams (Plasmatics).

People Most Admired: Stiv Bators and Joey Ramone.

Favorite Saying: When you're a Jaded Jina it's a disease!

Pet Peeve: Fuckers who always give me shit about, "Oh, the last time I saw you, you were pissed drunk." I hate that. Tell me something new.

Breakfast of Champions: Kurt Vonnegut, my true love.

Band Class Instrument: I had a jam space where everyone would come to my house and play and get fucked up all the time. I hardly even went to school. I went to school to invite people over and we'd get drunk and play music. Multi-talented. Multi-talented.

Most Memorable Jaded Jinas Moment: Probably when I first met Kara. I was living at this punk house and we were really hung over.

We drank so much Jim Beam and uh, she was all, "I have some Claaaaaaam Chowda in my bag," and I'm like, "I'm sooo hungry!"

And she was all "You wanna share some claaaaaaam chowda?" and I was like, "Fuck yeah!" That was the beginning of the Jinas.

Whose Sausage Would You Like To Smash: Oh man, okay wait, wait who do I hate the fuckin' most probably the dudes from Motley Crew. Except for the crippled guy.

Best Advice: Don't do as I do.

Khaos Rulz

Voted Most Likely To: Bury you in her backyard.



Weapon of Mass Destruction: Bass

Bastard Daughter of: Robert Smith. Even though I'm almost as old as him.

People Most admired: Robert Smith. Albert Camus. Chomsky.

Favorite Saying: It's better to fuck up than fade away.

Most Jaded Lyric: Because my vagina is a lady and she knows what she likes.

Pet Peeve: Right now it's pretty much guys in general.

Breakfast of Champions: Beer. I don't do breakfast.

Band Class Instrument: The flute. Then I got piercings and I couldn't blow through the holes. It totally fucks up the sound.

Most Memorable Jaded Jinas Moment: We played a show (in Calgary) and after the show I went into the bathroom and burst in on this girl masturbating. If you're masturbating in a bathroom stall you should lock the door. She was all, "You guys are so fucking hot!" It's nice to know we can make people masturbate. That's my goal. World Domination through masturbation.

Whose Sausage Would You Like To Smash: 'Cause my vagina is a lady and she knows what she likes!

Best Advice: Guys fucking suck.

Mizz Karage Jina

Voted Most Likely To: Lead the next feminist revolution

Weapon of Mass Destruction: Vocals, guitar

Bastard Daughter of: Syl Sylvain (New York Dolls).

People Most Admired: Jennifer Finch (L7). Texas Terri. Women

who can fuckin' scream, they give me chills, you know.

Favorite Saying: Mr. TV rots your brain just like Mr. Crack Cocaine that's from Kids in the Hall.

Most Jaded Lyric: Our newest song, called Corpse Can. Probably the crudest song I've written yet. It's just basically about how I don't really give a shit about what happens to my body after I die. The last couple lines of the first verse are: "If it's what I wanted would you eat me, pickle me, and keep me in a can?"

Breakfast of Champions: Cold pizza and warm beer.

Band Class Instrument: I played Tenor sax in junior high but my music teacher was such a fucking prick and so discouraging I gave up music for two years after that. He always referred to me as the future art student because you had to choose between music and art. But then I picked up the guitar. This guy I was dating, when I was thirteen, he was involved with a bunch of people that set that teacher's car on fire with napalm.

Most Memorable Jaded Jinas Moment: Being on tour with Dirty and the Derelicts (Dirty Jina Tour). I don't know if my bassist already told you about the girl in the bathroom damn. Well, Greasy from Dirty and the Derelicts told me that month was like International Masturbation Month so maybe that had something to do with it...

Recent Sausage Smashing: The last time that we played here at the Astoria, three of my band mates were standing with a few other girls watching the band and this guy (cough, cough Al cough, cough) came up behind them and in a row smacked all their asses. I think the girls in my band didn't know who did it but a good friend of mine, Sylvie, saw it go down and she fuckin' marches up there and was like, "What the fuck is wrong with you?" and totally bitched him out. I thought that was really cool, she was like an honorary Jaded Jina that night.

Best Advice: Don't take any shit.

**Psychokilla**

Weapon of Mass Destruction: Drums

Voted Most Likely To: Freak out if something goes wrong with a show.

Bastard Daughter of: Ozzy Osbourne and that Tarrie B. from My Ruin.

People Most Admired: Marilyn Manson. I just think he's fucking amazing. I read his book (The Long Hard Road Out of Hell) when I was younger and he totally inspired me. William Wallace, Hunter S. Thompson. And Jim Henson because I'm a make-up artist.

Claim to Fame: I did the make-up for Orgy of the Dead, the gory burlesque show that the Tabloid Review puts on. It's like an Ed Wood movie made into a burlesque show. Well, it wasn't just me there were three of us.

Favorite Saying: Don't get drunk and drive get high and fly.

Most Jaded Lyric: You stupid fuckin' RED NECK! Or we all hate Bif Naked, that one's pretty good: "She's no bark, no bite, we don't care about celebrities we have our own lives" I don't know if that one's jaded, I'm just throwing out ones I like here.

Breakfast of Champions: A bong built into your bedpost.

Band Class Instrument: Violin and piano. Guitar, I still play guitar, but drummers are more in demand, especially girl drummers.

Most Memorable Jaded Jinas Moment: The Dirty Jinas tour, first time I ever sang on stage. It was "Dirty Old Town", by The Pogues, with Dirty and the Derelicts with every show on that tour. That was pretty exciting and memorable for me.

Recent Sausage Smashing: I'm not a fuckin' man hater. I like guys, I have an awesome boyfriend, but I still like to smash sausages that deserve it. You know Myspace? This guy sent me a thing that was like, "Do you wanna swap naked pictures?" but he was like, 17-years-old. I wrote him back, "You little fuckin' idiot." I don't even remember what I said but I went off on the best rant I've ever gone off on anyone.

Best Advice: Don't listen to criticism. Let it fuel your anger to make you want to be ten times better. Don't give up.

"All you people out there it's not the fuckin' Jaded Geenas. It's Jina, as in Vagina."

-Stephilla Stillborn





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Sat Aug 13th, Absolute Underground Benefit @ Logan's Enchanted Faeries, AWT, The Beaumonts, Mitochondrion, Sweathogs

With a line-up this diverse the show was guaranteed to be a good one. I always love a good mix of in your face punk rock and crushing, claw-raising metal. The turnout for the show was great, people came out to support Absolute Underground and some generous supporters donated \$100 which enabled the guys to get a stage for the show the next night. It's always incredible when a show like this goes off really well. The Sweathogs got shit started with a great set including all my favourite hogs songs like Trailer Park Boys. It's always great for a stoner like me to hear Up In Smoke. Up next to rip the bar a new one was Mitochondrion. After some technical difficulties erecting their inverted crucifix and setting the mood with some candles these guys commenced their brutal onslaught of death/grind. With a solid performance and amazing energy the oh so mighty Mito are never a disappointment. Up next were the Beaumonts, fast-paced rock and fucking roll delivered in their traditional style. The energy off these guys was great but after the Mito I needed a bit of a breather and missed the last half of their set. I will say that it sounded great from the piss-soaked dumpster outside though.

Alcoholic White Trash were up after and I'd been looking forward to seeing them play this show because a little bird told me they'd be pullin' out their GG Allin cover - everyone could use a little more scumfuckery in their life so when they broke into Bite It You Scum the bar went nuts. I'm a huge GG fan and often find covers to be kinda a let down but they fucking NAILED it!!! I see these guys lots and they still impress me. They're new songs are tight, fast and brutal. They whipped the crowd up into a beer soaked frenzy and paved the way for the carnage of The Enchanted Faeries. With a song titles like Kill for Satan and Power Nap I was amazed that it had taken me this long to discover their glory.

They were one of the best bands that I can remember seeing in ages. Incredibly intense, fast, and fun, and holy shit did they ever get everyone moving. I looked over sometime during their set and saw Big Rick unleashing mayhem in the pit. The Enchanted Faeries put on such a good show that by the end of the set it was all I could do to not stand there slack jawed in amazement. It was an incredible show that went off without a hitch - some lemon throwing, a bit of shoving but nothing that took away from that high you get after having your ass rocked off.

Till next time keep it sleazy,

bumsexjen

Sunday, August 14th Absolute Underground Benefit Show, all ager at big fernwood

So after playing the bar show for Absolute Underground and having it just fucking rule I was pretty stoked on going to the all ager the next day. The bands on the bill all fucking rule and I knew I would have a blast.... So I showed up nice and early and the people were rolling in, and the boys had gotten a slick sound system and a full stage for the hall, it was sweet. Like finding out the hooker liked you so much she gave it up for free. So Desensitized were the first band up, and they surprised me. I have seen them before and liked them, but this time was something new I think they have gotten to that next level as a band and it shows in the performance. Jay is still doing those ever so sweet hesher hair flips too.....so rad. Self Inflicted were up next and as usual they were great. If your into hardcore in any shape way or form you would love these fuckers. Ever put on a Hatebreed album and liked it? If the answer is yes and you haven't seen Self Inflicted yet then you might wanna stop practicing your two stepping and karate dancing in your bedroom and actually go to a show. Meatlocker Seven were up next and I was pretty excited I haven't seen them in a while and really they never disappoint. As usual the wall of noise that erupted from the stage was just phenomenal. There is a reason that band has gotten noticed all over the world, it's cause they fucking deserve it. Those fuckers have more talent in their little fingers than most of us will ever be able to come up with. Granted it does in fact make me want to break their drummers fingers, but only after I get to watch him play. By the time they finished I was feeling pretty much assaulted, and yet I knew there was still one band left to go.... The switchblade Valentines, fucking rights I love watching these guys play I was stoked. It may seem like an odd mix putting a rock a billy style band on after a few hours of blistering metal but lo and behold it worked, and it worked well. As usual the boys played great, and for future reference good job on standing up and drumming that always looks cool at a rock a billy show. They are going cross canada pretty quick, and I am guessing the rest of the country will love them too. The goof of the month from the last issue showed up and was outside, I was hoping he would try to come in so we could get him to autograph his picture before we tossed him. I was just wondering, what on earth could be going through your brain to make you think that anyone would want to see you after you were in the mag already for being such a dick?.... It's not rocket science, hell its not even grade two math. anyways, the show rocked, as did the show the night before. a weekend of Absolute Underground partying it up and fucking rights it kicked ass.

Jay Brown



Quo Vadis, Augury, Desensitized Saturday, August 20th/2005 @ Sugar Nightclub - Victoria BC

A fine summer night brought us yet another blessing from the Metal Gods. For 10 measly dollars, Quebec progressive death titans Quo Vadis backed by the description defying Augury and local thrashers Desensitized. Three metal bands at a great venue on an August Saturday night...you would think the place would be packed, no? Oddly, the turnout was weak. The general consensus at the show was that the immensely popular Vancouver black metal band Nikkul Bakk was stealing away the diehard metal crowd with their pyrotechnics and crotch-graberry.

After an hour of merch selling, brew testing and chatting with the friendly touring bands - it was time for Desensitized to take the stage. They did not have much room to move, as the other bands had filled the stage with their prodigious drum kits and stacks. This is the first time I've heard these lads through a solid P.A. system and it made all the difference. The band was obviously excited to be opening the night and gave a full energy performance, led by Brandon Reynolds (vocals) who awesomely channels Randy Blythe (Lamb of God) style screams. The set climaxed with the gripping "Tabasco Assfuck" which was written especially for the ladies. Can you feel the love?

Augury. I had never heard of them until the night before. After finding their website, I listened to "Beatus" and was shell shocked. Groovy death metal, arthritis inducing drumming and operatic female singing coupled with socially intelligent lyrics? This I had to see. The band did not disappoint. Technically magical, the rhythm section sounded great in person. Dominic Lapointe played a mean 6 string bass... I have not seen bass skills that strong since seeing John Myung of Dream Theater. He also ably filled in for legendary Steve DiGiorgio (Death, Sadus, Testament) in Quo Vadis later on. Lead singer and main guitarist Patrick Loisel screamed and soloed along while the operatic stylings of the windmilling Adrienne Fleury sent the crowd wild. She was sadly stuffed in the back of the stage due to the towering Quo Vadis drum kit. Breaks between songs had Patrick explaining the esoteric lyrical themes of Augury in a thick Quebecois accent, which added to the overall feeling of performance versus simply playing. A very welcome new addition to Canada's metal roster and a treat to witness.

Quo Vadis was finishing their cross Canada dates that night and consequently pulled out all the stops before the long drive to Montreal. Opening with "Silence Calls the Storm" off the new album "Defiant Imagination" the crowd immediately got it. The musical diversity of the band held something for everyone. These guys are a phenomenal live band! Crazy time signatures, deathly growling and brilliantly played shifting melodies made for one of the most engrossing shows in recent memory. Newly recruited lead vocalist Stephane Paré has the pipes! Backed up by the bearded heart of the band, Bart Frydrychowicz, who laid down blinding solos while thrashing around like a madman and getting the crowd totally worked up with his intense backing vocals. He took a dive off the tiny stage in the middle of a particularly intense mosh, but got right back up and started yelling into the mike! He even told the singer to "Speak English or Die!" ala S.O.D. when he went into a little French diatribe. The pit broke out for these guys and I half expected to turn around and see undead Pierre Trudeau with Maudite in hand duking it out with a poutine soaked Bonhomme. My favourite memory of the night was the tribute to the great Chuck Schuldiner of Death and the song written in his honor, which needless to say, crushed.

I can be sure both these Montreal bands will find a welcome audience when they next return...

-Erik Lindholm

Mare, Cursed, Terror, Converge Sept. 24th @ The Mesa Luna (Vancouver)

Barely off from their show the night before in Seattle, Mare, Cursed, Terror and Converge were set to tear up mid afternoon sets at the Mesa Luna.

The venue filled quickly as Mare opened the show. Mare's set was filled with long drawn out feedback laced with curdling screams. While Mare was playing I never really felt they built up to anything. In fact they kinda bored me but there was a core group of people who still were into it.

Next up was Cursed from Toronto / Montreal. These guys did not bore me at all. Their sound is a combination of grindcore, thrash and metalcore. I thought their set went by way too fast. I really wanted to hear some songs that they didn't get to play but overall though they still kicked ass.

Shortly after Cursed walked off the stage on came Terror from Los Angeles. Now this was the serious shit. Sick, sick energy! The crowd was right into every second of Terror's set as they screamed out the gang vocals and flung themselves off the stage. Although this set seemed to fast as well, the band ran through a bounty of songs from their albums The Lowest Of the Low and One With the Underdogs. For me they stole the show but only slightly from Converge who came up promptly following.

From Boston, Converge is known for their hardcore intensity and right from the start they set out to prove that. Converge unloaded their chaotic guitar sounds and hectic vocals onto the crowd and it was well received. Despite the fact that Converge's first release dropped in roughly 1991, they mostly played songs from their recent records Jane Doe and their latest release You Fail Me.

Criss Crowley



Grassroots Democracy

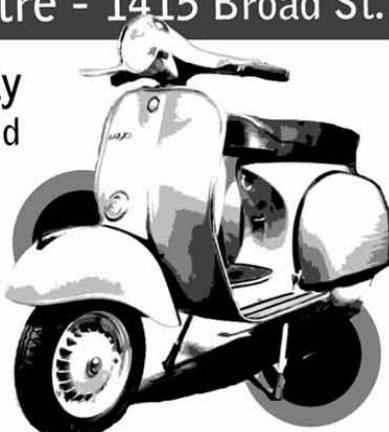
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Skateboarding MOVIES

by Jake Warren

THRASHIN' - 1986

Starring: Josh Brolin, Sherlyn Fenn

Made the year I really got into skating, this is the best of the 80's era board flicks and the first film about skating that tried to follow an actual story line. Starring relative no-name Josh Brolin, Thrashin' follows his character Cory, a young up and coming ripper, as he moves to Venice beach for the summer. Of course along the way he meets a bunch of goofy misfit skaters from the area who can't stop getting beats from the local hard-core skate crew, The Daggers. (Played of course by the legendary 80's Alva team and a few Jak's) After some good ramp sessions and a few close calls with The Daggers, Cory meets a cute skate-betty who turns out to be the sister of The Daggers crazy leader Tommy Hook! Well Cory just can't resist sticking it to The Daggers or the little sister and in the end it all comes down to a huge ditch session where the two rivals 'joust' each other. At the time I thought this was the coolest thing ever not so much anymore. I've been trying to get a local joust team together for years now and no one is into it! Anyway. Cory gets the girl, wins the LA Massacre, gets sponsored by his favorite company (Smash Skates) and makes good with Tommy and The Daggers. A typical story from the world of skateboarding.

Fucked Up Fact: Josh Brolin went on to marry Cherry Valance (Diane Lane)



GLEAMING THE CUBE - 1989

Starring: Christian Slater, The Bones Brigade

When Cube came out in '89 skating was at the peak of its popularity. One year later skaters were officially un-cool. I'm pretty sure this movie had something to do with the shift.

Whatever. Christian Slater plays Brian, a typical, loner skater with a chip on his shoulder. Then his stepbrother gets murdered. I guess it's pretty realistic up to this point. But instead of doing what most real skaters would do...get stoned, leave town and avoid the pressure of the entire ordeal, he decides he must solve the crime and avenge his brothers death. How you ask? By sounding like Jack Nicholson and shredding of course! With cool cameos and skating from the Bones Team and other pros, this is definitely worth seeing but don't expect much. Oh, and the back/front 540, multi-grab judo-air Slater busts off that parking divider, over the highway is not fucking possible. Looked cool though.

Fucked Up Fact: Considering how much 'Cube' felt like an after-school-special, Screenwriter Michael Tolkin went on to write some pretty intense shit. Changing Lanes with Sam Jackson, Deep Cover with Larry Fishburn and The Player, arguably one the

best films ever made about the Hollywood film industry - starring Tim Robbins and Directed by legend Robert Altman

GRIND - 2003

Starring: Adam Brody.

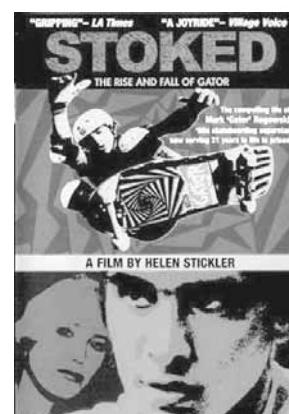
The first Hollywood skate flick to get the green light since the 80's and easily the worst of the entire genre. At least in Thrashin' we got the Alva team, The Chili Peppers and a joust-off - in 'Gleaming The Cube' we got The Bones Brigade and tricks that still haven't even been landed, let alone invented. Unfortunately 'Grind' learned nothing from the mistakes of previous skate films and makes a bunch of it's own. You know the drill; Actors who can't skate, Skaters come off as retarded...I saw it in the theatre - for free thank God and left embarrassed to be a skater and a fan of movies. 'Grind' is everything I hate about Hollywood skate films rolled tightly into one big shit burrito.

Fucked Up Fact: First scene of 'Grind' takes place in the same fast food restaurant that Brad Hamilton works at in 'FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH' What's the secret sauce of 'All American Burger'?

STOKED: THE RISE & FALL OF GATOR

Documentary 2002

I had to include this cause it's just so good and so fucked up! If you want to know what it was like to skate pro in the 80's, live the life, spend the cash, bone the girls and be a full blown punk-rock star, then lose your edge, lose all your sponsors, lose your girl, find God, lose your mind and kill your girlfriends best friend in a drunken sex-crime rage only to bury her body in a surf bag in the desert...check this movie out. Damn! Gator fell the fuck apart, huh?



KIDS - 1995

Starring: Leo Fitzpatrick, Chloe Sevigny

With almost every scene in 'Kids' improvised, this super-accurate, uncensored, highly controversial film definitely feels like a documentary. (Or our friends home movies) Which is exactly what Director/Writer Larry Clark and co-writer Harmony Korine were going for with what I think is, hands down, the best movie about skateboarding ever. Why? It's not about skateboarding. It's about a day in the life of today's kids, what they talk about, what they think about and how that youthful sense of immortality, that we all have at that age, can fucking kill dudes if they don't wrap it up! Basically 'Kids' rules cause it's real life, real skaters doing shit we can all relate to. Doing whip-its, wrecking houses,

I don't know if anyone noticed but the last two pieces I wrote for Absolute Underground were half written and pretty half-assed as well. There was that stupid ego-driven piece about my trip to Chilliwack back in '89 (I won the contest but our host snaked the girl) The other was just the introduction part of to would've been a 15 page sermon on 'Lords of Dogtown'. Both articles were handed in late and undone. I assume they only ran because something (anything) was needed to fill the space. Sorry dudes, maybe I should start writing sooner than the day it's fucking due? To make it up to you (Ira, Willy, readers) I'm going to offer up a new one completed and on time for a change. With 'Lords of Dogtown' being released on Video and DVD just last week, I'm sticking with the theme of skateboarding and feature films. Now, if you've been skating longer than Ryan Sheckler's been alive you'll know what I mean when I say any big-budget movies about skateboarding made in the last 20 yrs have been a slap in the face to all real skaters filled with ridiculously lame story lines, bad acting and in some cases, skateboarding stunts we skaters know are physically impossible. It's a fucking atrocity! Never the less, what follows is a comprehensive list of feature, Hollywood-style films about skateboarding. Love'em or hate'em, if you ride a skateboard you'll want to see them all at some point - even if it's only to see how hard most of them suck.

watching Gonz rip and having sex...right?

Fucked Up Fact: Other LC films... 'Bully' + 'Kids' + 'Ken Park' = over 15 scenes of underage nudity and sex. Every one of them has at least one scene with a skater in it. What's up Larry?

SANTA CRUZ PRESENTS: FREEWHEELIN' - 1976

Starring: Stacy Peralta, Tom Sims

If you thought that Dogtown and Z-Boys was a great document of the early years of modern skateboarding (which it was), then you need to see this. This actually predates the footage of Dogtown, and some of the footage of Peralta in Freewheelin was used in Dogtown. Yeah, there is a little hokey story line of Stacy and this young woman he was dating and teaching about skateboarding, but you can't deny these bits of extremely valuable footage: Peralta riding around with his Zephyr shirt, on a 7" x 27" open bearing 1976 skateboard, absolutely shredding slides and wheelies with his great style. Tom Sims, before he was sponsored, much less owner of Sims Skateboards, riding a loooong board. Footage of the Toilet Bowl, and the Escondido Bowl, with Stacy just pumping and gyrating the place to death. Footage of Mike Weed and Peralta getting excited about HITTING TILE, much less kick-turning in a pool. Great footage of an almost UNGRAFFITIED BALDY PIPELINE, with the legendary Waldo Autry shredding. I might not recommend this video to the average joe, but if you are a skater, especially old school, you will DIG this video.

Fucked Up Fact: There might not be one actually.

'SKATEBOARD' THE MOVIE - 1978

Starring: Tony Alva, Leif Garette

Shot like more of a documentary than a feature film, 'Skateboard' The Movie is a must see for old school skaters. Featuring the legendary Tony Alva alongside teen heart-throb of-the-day, Leif Garette, it's worth getting through the bad add-lib acting to get to the skating. Which is why we're all here right? The plot of 'Skateboard' is like that of an early 1980's kung-fu film. But instead of bad dialogue and the odd fight scene we get bad dialogue and the odd skate session. Basically, the main dude Manny needs to raise money to pay a dept to local mobsters. So he does what anyone else would do to come up with some quick cash...he starts a skateboard team! Says it all.

Fucked Up Fact: Dick Wolf, creator/writer/producer of countless TV shows (Law and Order) and films wrote this bad-boy!

SKATEBOARD MADNESS - 1980

Starring: Stacy Peralta

Like 'Skateboard' and 'Freewheelin' this 61 minute film plays more like a documentary than a feature film. Starring skateboarding's resident good-boy Stacy Peralta, the 'plot' is centered on a photographer that travels around with a group of skaters documenting their antics for a story. In the end it's just like the other films of the day...dowright silly. The skateboarding scenes, however, are worth the price of admission. Watching Stacy ride a cement half pipe is just so darn cool. What is really visible in this movie is how much style and flow have vanished from skateboarding. This is a great nostalgia trip for anyone who skated during the 70s. The extra footage of Caballero at Winchester is pretty cool as well, and shows how influential he would become. It's a fun film to see, nothing really more or less than that.

Fucked Up Fact: Narrated by the late great comedian, Phil Hartman - no shit!

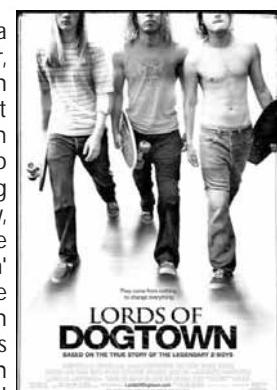
LORDS OF DOGTOWN - 2005

Starring Emile Hirsch.

You know the story by now. A group of talented surf-rats start a skate team, rip like no one ever before, change skating forever, become rich and famous...well...It was no huge surprise when Stacy Peralta's 2002 documentary 'DogTown and Z-Boys' got great reviews and kicked ass in almost every international film festival, that Hollywood would soon be calling. For a year or two following the release of 'Z-Boys' some big names were being thrown around to direct the feature film version. Most notably, David Fincher, of 'Seven' and 'Fight Club'. But it was Catherine Hardwicke, director of the hard-hitting, teen-girl drama, 'Thirteen' that was finally handed the helm. And she does the job. Using the same hand-held, documentary style camerawork she uses in Thirteen, she is able to capture the energy and chaos of 1970's Venice Beach and it's extremely localized skate/surf scene. With help from a great Stacy Peralta script and a great young cast lead by Emile Hirsch (Dangerous Lives of Alter Boys / Imaginary Hero's / The Girl Next Door) - who plays Jay Adams - Hardwicke and Peralta finally give skateboarding it's first good film about skateboarding. Thanks.

Best moments of the flick...Hirsch is a young Adams, Tony Hawk as an Astronaut is great, Mountain as a Cop, The real Adams getting a 6pack from someone playing him. Rebecca DeMornay as Jays MILF.

Fucked Up Fact: While filming, Director Katherine Hardwicke fell backwards into an empty pool, landing on her head. She was taken to the hospital w/ a serious concussion. Alva was reportedly impressed.



Other Skate Flicks

Deck Dogs - 04 - Australian

MVP: Most Vertical Primate 1 & 2 - 00/01

The Skateboard Kid 1 & 2 - 93/94

GIG LISTINGS

Head to the bank for a loan or use up your student loan or go get a payday loan and go to these shows!!!

Fri. Oct. 7

Zuckuss, The Toilet, Electrocutionerz, The Smile Adventure, The Morning Side Excursion, Snapelrock @ Fernwood Community Center (ALL-AGES) 7pm
The Misfits, 45 Grave, Rod Iron Haulers @ Sugar 9pm - "it started as a twisted dream" ... over 25 years ago. Blocking the sun and dragging humanity by the throat into a world of darkness filled with ghouls, goblins and creatures of the night the classic punk band bring their live show to Victoria.
Wolves in the Throne Room, Cambodia, Mass Grave, The Rita, Acting Ensign @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
Crystal Pistol, Time Is the Enemy, Broadband Noise @ The Brickyard 9pm - With their raw, streamlined and highly addictive form of rock 'n' roll Crystal Pistol and guest Time Is Enemy (sex drugs n' metal), take their gig just north of Pigeon Park. To the Brickyard.
Sinned, Gremory, Shore of Tundra @ The Columbia / The Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm
Angel Grinder, The Murderous, Hezzakya @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Oct. 8

Electrocutionerz, The Smile Adventure, The Morning Side Excursion, The Toilet, Zuckuss, Snapelrock @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
Descention, Anatolian Wisdom, Grimlorn @ The Columbia / The Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun Oct. 9

Blackie Le Blanc & The Kyami Revolution, Mr. Plow, Fatjoesatan, Dascum @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm
Red Hot Lovers, Ubersissy, The Old Ripper @ The Cellar (Vancouver) 9pm

Fri Oct. 14

Crystal Pistol, Abuse Of Power, Sonic Doom @ Lucky Bar 9pm - Raw rock n' roll from Van crossed with the Metal sounds of two of Victoria's heavier players.
Opeth, Fireball Ministry, S.T.R.E.T.S. @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver) 8pm - The leaders of progressive death metal, Opeth, on the wings of their latest release Ghost Reveries, bring the future sound of Rock n' Roll, Fireball Ministry to Vancouver's legendary ballroom.

Sat Oct.15

Deadcats, Raised By Wolves, The Night Stalkers, The Swithblade Valentines @ Sleynn Hall (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver)
Moneyshot, Stone Creek @ Steamers Pub 10pm
Panik Attak @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm

Mon Oct.17

Cryptopsy, Suffocation, Despised Icon, Aborted @ Sugar 9pm
Lose None, In the Crosshairs, Alcoholic White Trash, Friday Night Murder, The Grey Army @ The Victoria Event Center (ALL-AGES) 7pm - Cutthroat Hardcore from San Fran. and Denver Co. mixed with local punk n hardcore

Tues Oct.18

Cryptopsy, Suffocation, Despised Icon, Aborted @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver) 8pm
Wed Oct. 19

Life Against Death, Callahan @ The Brickyard (Vancouver) 9pm
Dropkick Murphys, Gang Green, Lost City Angels, Darkbuster @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver) 8:45pm
Alice Cooper @ The Orpheum (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 8pm

Fri Oct. 21

Nashville Pussy @ The Arch (Vancouver)
Turbonegro, Danko Jones @ The Showbox (ALL-AGES) (Seattle) - The flamboyant creators of "Death Punk" return to Sea-town with the Toronto's hyperactive, Danko Jones.
Raise The Orb, Widownmaker, Antiquus @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
Sidesixtyseven, Rise In The Fall, Mandown @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Oct.22

Shattered Realm, Hollow Ground, Self Inflicted, Desensitized @ James Bay Community Center (ALL-AGES) 7pm - October's biggest hardcore / metal gig. Eulogy recording artists Shattered Realm, join Winnipeg's Hollow ground and a line-up of Victoria's premiere H.C. and Metal joints.
Angel Grinder, Open Fire, Harrow, Prox @ The Columbia / The Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun Oct. 23

Judas Priest, Anthrax @ Pacific Coliseum (Vancouver) 7:30pm

Mon Oct.24

Meshuggah, The Haunted, God Forbid, Mnemic @ The Croatian Cultural Center (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 7pm

Fri Oct. 28

Big John Bates and the Voodoo Dolls, The Dropouts @ Lucky Bar 9pm
Girls with Guns Festival: a 2 night exhibition of hardcore, rock, punk and metal bands showcasing female musicians (and some dudes). Proceeds to Downtown Eastside Womens Centre.
Splatter, Faces Of Black, Self Inflicted, Life Against Death @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

The Right Deadlys, Leper, Kid Hevy @ The Columbia / Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

The Armitage Shanks, The Tranzmitors, The Runs @ Malone's Bar & Grill (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Oct. 29

S.I.C.K., Desensitized, Friday Night Murder @ Tolmie Hell House 8pm
Hudson Falcons, Emergency @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
Girls with Guns Festival:
Autoviolet, P.U.C.K. Crew @ The Columbia / Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Duvallstar, Victorian Pork, The Draft, Betty Kracker @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun Oct. 30

Power Clown @ The Cellar (Vancouver) 9pm - If your eyes were closed you'd swear you were in the presence of the legendary Iron Maiden, open them and you'd witness the craziest tribute ever performed by clowns.

Mon Oct.31

The Ramores @ The Columbia / Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Tues Nov.1
Exhumed, Seasons Of Sorrow, Mitochondrion @ Lucky Bar 9pm - Gore metal from California teamed up with progressive metal and blackened deathgrind from Victoria

Wed Nov. 2

Bad Religion, Anti-Flag @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver) 8pm
Behemoth, Necronomicon, Descention @ The Drink / Red Room (Vancouver) 9pm

Thurs Nov.3

Jello Biafra with The Melvins @ Croatian Cultural (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 7pm - With the release of Jello Biafra and the Melvins #2. The musical pranksters united for a common cause - to detonate your brain with some of the most twisted rock anthems ever crafted!

Fri Nov. 4

The Doers, Foster Kare @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Nov. 5

Mandown, Sulturro, 99 Anger @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
Mendoza and guests @ The Columbia / Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Daggermouth @ The Brickyard (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Nov. 12

GWAR, Devildriver, A Dozen Furies @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver) 9pm - Decapitations, strange creatures and spraying blood best describes the antics of a GWAR show. Put on your best whites and head to the bloodbath!

Sun Nov.13

Three Inches of Blood, A Javelin Reign, Open Fire @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm

Mon Nov. 14

Black Dahlia Murder, Three Inches of Blood, The End, A Life Once Lost @ The Mesa Luna (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 7pm
Henry Rollins (spoken word) @ The Vogue Theater (Vancouver)

Tues Nov. 15

Three Inches of Blood, A Javelin Reign @ Lucky Bar 9pm - Dillinger Escape Plan, Hella, Between the Buried And Me, Horse The Band @ The Drink / Red Room (Vancouver) 8pm

Wed Nov. 16

Vader, Decapitated, Dew Scented @ Richard's On Richards (Vancouver) 9pm

Fri Nov. 18

I Hate Sally, Tugnut, Kincaide, AK-47, Fast Jacket @ The Fernwood Community Center (ALL-AGES) 7pm
The Answer, In Stride @ Venue TBA (Victoria)
Avenged Sevenfold, Saosin, Death By Stereo, Bullets and Octane @ The Commodore Ballroom (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 3pm

Sat Nov. 19

Secondstall @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm

Tues Nov. 22

Children Of Bodom, Amon Amarth, Trivium @ The Croation Cultural Center (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver) 7:45pm

Sat Nov. 26

Omega Crom, Muspellheim, Antiquus @ The Brickyard (Vancouver) 9pm
Boxfiler, Lunchbucket, Dead Radio @ The Columbia / Adonai Pub (Vancouver) 9pm

Mon Nov. 28

Angel Grinder, Rise In The Fall, A Textbook Tragedy @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat Dec. 3

Sidesixtyseven, The Rebel Spell @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun Dec. 4

Sidesixtyseven, The Rebel Spell @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm

Mon Dec. 5

Fear Factory, Strapping Young Lad, Soilwork @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)

Sun Dec. 11

Nameansno, Carpenter @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm

Sat Dec. 17

Daygo Abortions @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun Dec. 18

Daygo Abortions @ The Boot Pub (Whistler) 9pm

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WE SK8."**

20TH ANNUAL SK8 COMPETITION

Every second Saturday in September for the last twenty years the Vancouver div of the Jaks puts on a skate comp. This competition is nothing like Slam City Jam and the winners don't qualify for the DC shoes finals. This contest is for real skateboarders of the East Van variety... even a few snotnose Vic West kids showed up. These are real skateboarders, not fancy kids! The city has proposed a reconstruction of this China Creek skatepark so there is a chance this will be the last in this historic and oldest Canadian skatepark. The park contains a tea cup shaped copingless bowl and a lumpy bathtub type bowl with a handful of homemade rails and a sliver infested wooden halfpipe.

As the sun was rising, Simon Snotface left the tent he was sleeping in and smelled the full garbage can sitting right beside the park, I imagine because it smelled better than his colors. This was going to a good day and even thought it was a day of memorial for a lost Jak friend, TA, this skatepark would soon be filled with the majority of the Vancouver and Victoria Jaks Team. I arrived about 11:00 with my vanload of kids including Dustin Jak as well as a cooler full of pop, two loafs of bread and a jar of peanut butter and jam. We hung around as the kids started to show up and skate around this lumpy old park. High noon Doug Donut showed up and though it would be fun to dive onto Simons tent causing Simon to kick into beat up mode, for a moment I thought I should remove my kids from this park while this act of violence was going to take place. Simon moments later hugged Donut and I think later Donut went and changed his diaper. No, wait it's Beaverhead who wears the dipes. Anyway more kids and more people start to show and in Jaks fashion the comp slowly gets put together. A table is found and some sound system is put into place. The prizes are laid out.... Here's where we would like to thank: PD's Hot Shop, Push Skateboard Shop, Pacific Boarder, Four Star Dist, Tree of Life, Bloodstone Press, Lonsdale Skate Company, Absolute Skateboards, Old Nicks Emporium, Coastline, HTO, Pair o Dice Tattoos, Urge Tattoos, Sitka Surfboards, Champions of Hell, and last but not least The Hoosegow & AWT. It's amazing how when all the little people contribute it turns out to be an amazing prize table of swag... then to top it all off Sluttie slips in a box of Trophies for the top three in each category. Make sure you support the above companies!

Now the organization of the comp always seems to fall into place. The kids line up and give out their names for beginners, intermediate, advanced and girls. The park is an insane anthill of wheels flying in and out of the bowls and every once and awhile a near collision that makes the spectators cringe. This is also a big part of the comp is the mass socialization on the out skirts of the park. Old and new friends get together for a drink or one of Slutties fine hot dogs. The park ranger shows up and politely walks around asking people to make it so he can't see the open alcohol they are drinking. No cops this year and best of all no ambulances! This contest is back to basics... no permits, no St Johns ambulance attendants, no liquor license... Just Jaks, local folks, punks, China Creek maniacs kids skateboarding and good times!

Old MC bearded Ferris JaK takes the mic and belts out a few orders on how the contest is done... Respect for each skaters run, you have a set amount of time to trick the park and when the music is off you're done. The judges take their place and the first category takes the park. The microphones are then handed over to the young MC Lill Buddy JaK and another mic is in the possession of our San Francisco guest Timmy JaK. These two clowns belt out the contest like a couple of wrestling ring announcers, bantering back and forth about the sick trick that was just displayed or the fine hairstyle of the skater. Then when the music was good Lill Buddy would dance and get the crowd clapping. Of coarse the most of the music played for the skaters was punk... although some classic hop was mixed in.

The beginner's category is always my favorite with tiny nosepickers ollieing and flipping in and out of the bowls. These dudes are what will keep the spirit of skating alive and prizes should be handed out to each one in this category. The next round is intermediate and again the teen skate aggression is shown with just a little more skill with some big airs, precise railslides, and kick flippin. This

Fat Chris from the JAK's Team

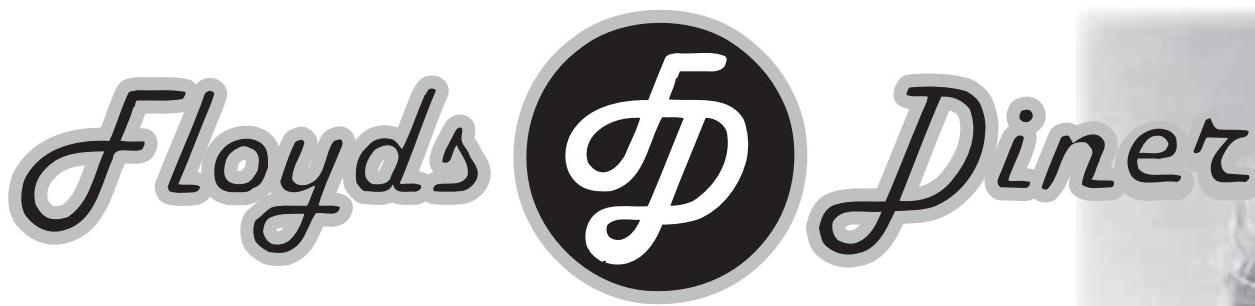


years comp had a female section and I was quite surprised at the number of girls that entered! Young and old girls carve and display the same but a somewhat more elegant style of riding the park. The advanced category as usual is doubled up to try to finish up the comp at a reasonable time. The advanced gets down to the hardest and fastest skaters and lots of bowl antics are displayed. The comp comes to an end and now the judges who are still somewhat coherent tally up their scores. (Timmy helps the judges make a decision San Fran Style) The trophies are handed out and the swag is divided up to all the skaters. Then it boils down to the ever popular bowl toss. The bowl is filled with kids and the last bit of swag is tossed in. The violence reaches epic proportions in the bowl as a handful of stickers fall in like rain. Then founding Jak member, Sporty, holds up his old vest o colors as yells out to the crowd that "he who gets this vest shall be a Jak..". It was a tug and rip fest and I honestly thought there would be just shreds of the vest left. Then out of the bowl walked a shaky greasy drunk skater who was now known as Davey Jak. He was welcomed and then the comp was over. A good clean-up was then done and that garbage can that Simon smelled earlier was now overflowing and then some. Even Simon's tent was destroyed and in there. It was another great day, no rain and no injuries. Just the odd kid and adult walking around with a Jiffy Marker mustache or beard!

Epilogue: Later that evening those that survived, attended an evening of Absolute Music in the deep Vancouver streets at the Asbalt. The line up was Friday Night Murder who have now taken the top position on the Hardcore band to see list! They ripped, and make sure you bring the singer a pack of throat lozenges when you see em. Next up was Dustin JaKs band the Keg Killers, my wifes favorite punk band and I never bore of seeing this band. Finishing up the night was Shadley Jak, Jono Jak, Jamie Jak and a savior sit in drummer that allowed the Excessives to play the night through. Somehow Doug Donut, the real drummer, hurt his arm in a bizarre masturbating accident just before the show so he couldn't drum... or so Blind Marc thinks. The Blind Jak says he could hear a lot of swearing and throwing stuff around followed by some heavy grunting... so who knows what Donut was doing.

I was sitting on the pool table and Davey Jak comes up and offers to buy me a beer. I tell him it's ok, I don't drink beer. He comes back with a beer and I tell him again I don't drink beer. He looks at me strange and says "If you don't drink beer. What do you do?" I reply "I chew tobacco." Then I pull my tin out of my pocket and offer him a dip. He looks at me strange again and then takes a pinch and puts it in his mouth. I recon he has never chewed tobacco before and his face contorts with a slight look of shock and indecision on what to do. He spits a little bit out on the floor then starts shaking his head at me, he is about to tell me something and his face makes an even wilder look and then a perfect column of projectile vomit hits the carpet of the bar. He shakes his head at me again and then leaves without saying a word... Welcome to the Team.

-ricky Jak



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Fear Factory - Transgression

Hot on the coattails of 2004's "Archetype", Fear Factory brings us a new load of songs to ruin your low end hearing to and mystify rap bass fans when driving by in the rusted out '79 Trans Am. Listening to the album for the first time, it is really hard to believe this was a band in ruins just 5 years ago... Personal problems aside, the addition of Strapping Young Lad's bass player, Byron Stroud and Christian Olde Wolbers movement from bass duties to guitar makes for the most organic sounding FF yet. Raymond Herrera on drums remains incredible and now sounds somewhat less mechanistic, which certainly contributes to the more natural sound of the album over the trigger filled "Demanufacture."



Fear Factory is one of my favourite bands for their ability to make listenable, well crafted songs. They are one of the few metal bands who create albums I can listen to repeatedly, their diversity is what makes them interesting. The album starts off with a bang with "540,000 Degrees Fahrenheit". It is great traditional Fear Factory and immediately catches your attention. "Spinal Compression" sounds very much like a holdover from the early albums, blasting drums and screams. My favourite track of the album is "Contagion". Killer syncopated rhythms and soaring choruses with keyboard backup. This track to me is really the standout. The one other really outstanding track is the quieter "Echoes of my Scream" which at 7 minutes of slow paced, keyboard laced balladry is an unexpected but welcome addition. This is an incredible showcase of Burton Bell's vocal talent and has left me clamoring for his Ascension of The Watchers side project. The rest of the album is certainly poppier and more predictable songwriting than I hoped, but still enjoyable. A U2 cover pops up, "I Will Follow", which is well done but adds to overall disconnection between the flow of the songs.

The album sounds to me as clips from over the 15 year Fear Factory run. There are elements of each past album, forays into the quiet and emotional to make it interesting (and sadly, more accessible) obscure covers but overall it does not have that immense album weight like "Obsolete" or "Demanufacture" had. It feels disconnected as an album, more like a compilation. If you enjoyed their deadly last record "Archetype" you will like this too, the songs follow a similar path. Be sure to check their live skills when they demolish Vancouver's Croatian Cultural Centre on December 5th 2005 - backed by Strapping Young Lad, Soilwork and Darkane.

- Erik Lindholm

<http://www.fearfactory.com>

SOLSTICE - "New Dark Age"

Solstice's "New Dark Age" was released back in '98, and after minimal exposure to the scene, this disc became out of print and fell into that "obscure releases" category. The reason I am doing a review for this disc is simple. It's an amazing release and deserves more attention as several of these songs are in the territory of genius. For those not familiar with Solstice (probably most people), they play a pagan influenced style of doom metal, and "New Dark Age" is by far their best release. So what makes this disc so good? Well for starters, the vocals are unique. It's all clean vocals, done by a man with a truly bard-like voice. He sounds like Vortex (Borknagar, Dimmu Borgir) but warmer, more intimate, more mellow, and with more subtle emotion. The lyrics on the songs are some of the best poetry I've encountered in metal. As for the music, it's epic guitar work, memorable riffs, catchy rhythms, and pagan melodies. The odds of tracking this album down are probably not so good, however, if you're able to track it down, it's worth every penny.

- Jaron Evil



NATTEFROST - "Terrorist: Nekronaut Pt. I"

Reviewed by Jaron Evil

The maniacally twisted Nattefrost returns with his second offering, "Terrorist". Anybody who has been paying attention to Carpathian Forest knows that this man is completely misanthropic and takes immense joy in pissing people off or at least making them confused with his dry sense of morbid humor that he communicates thru his music. Now first off, compared to his previous solo release, "Blood And Vomit", this album sucks the fat one. "Terrorist" is much more raw than his previous effort and the songs aren't as catchy. However, it becomes quite evident while listening to this that both of those flaws are intended. Let me put it this way: There are two tracks on here that are simply nothing but the lovely sounds of Nattefrost taking a shit, and another completely irrelevant closing track which is nothing more than a twisted black metal funeral dirge called "The Death Of Nattefrost". As for the actual music, its true, primitive, narrow-minded elite black metal just as the rear side of the album advertises. This album is quite obviously a big "FUCK YOU" to pretty much everyone listening. One gets the impression that if the buyer of this disc doesn't feel ripped off, then Nattefrost's goal was not reached. This album is really up to personal taste, whether its your thing or not. If you share the same morbid sense of amusement as Roger "Nattefrost" Rasmussen, then you will probably revel in the misanthropy.



CLITEATER - "Eat Clit Or Die"

Reviewed by Jaron Evil

Cliteater are one of the lesser known grind bands out there, though they really should get more attention. When it comes to sheer brutality and catchy rhythms, Cliteater reign supreme. Any grind fan who hasn't heard them needs to pick up their debut album, "Clit 'Em All" as well as this one, "Eat Clit Or Die". Both discs are amazing, and totally represent the true spirit of metal. "Eat Clit Or Die" has 19 tracks of crushing, ear-raping goregrind. What separates this disc from other generic goregrind acts is that Cliteater has a thrash element present in the music that gives it a groove all its own. The vocals sound like a gurgling toilet that has a dying cat stuck in the u-bend. Keep your eye on this band, it's my prediction that after two more releases like this one, these guys will be dominating the nuo-grind scene.



THE DEVIL'S REJECTS motion picture soundtrack 2005 hip-o records

This acts as more of a reminder, than an actual compilation, simply because we all already own all this shit, hell two of these were in the dogtown documentary in 2002, but the in-between banter seems to take us right back to the gritty, blistering, settings that make up this 70's exploitation magnum opus! You will never listen to "free bird" the same ever again, the same goes for "fooled around and fell in love" (which was used almost a decade earlier in the classic "boogie nights") and watching Otis Driftwood slit the throat of a waitress right in the street in the mid-day sun to the melodies of Three Dog Night's "shambala" is a fuckin treat in its own. fuck this was a good movie, and this soundtrack is what helps make it, if you have not seen it on the big screen go and do so, especially cool is banjo and sullivans "I'm at home gettin hammered while she's out gettin "nailed", apparently these guys have a whole c.d. coming out, sign me up!



Blasts From The Past

STORMTROOPERS OF DEATH, SPEAK ENGLISH OR DIE, METAL BLADE RECORDS 1985

By now most of you bangers and punx should know this album was conceived and recorded during a break in the recording of the Anthrax's "Spreading the Disease", I guess I was full of shit about Mick Harris starting the blastbeat because this was Charlie Benante, the song "Milk" was now the fastest thing I had ever heard. Charlie and Scott Ian wrote this fucker and had help from their old bassist Danny Lilker who went on to form Nuclear Assault and Brutal Truth (who played our fine city in 1992 w/napalm) literally rounding out this line-up was the refrigerator sized Agnostic Front roadie, Billy Milano, this also felt like a beating with tracks like "March of the S.O.D.", "Kill Yerself", "Milano Mosh" and the legendary Ballad of Jimi Hendrix (dah-deh-dah-deh-deh-yeh-ded!!) they only played 7 shows but re-united in the 90's.

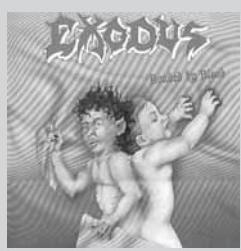
- Kegkiller



EXODUS-BONDED BY BLOOD (BANZAI RECORDS 1985)

An all-time fave, this is the defining bay area metal album. Kirk Hammett apparently played axe for these cats in 81' but quit to dress up like a fuckin' gladiator and fuck Lars up his ass while calling it Metallica. Good cuz this shit rips, fans of horror take note, as almost every song is about murdering people and Satan, except for the one about Loki or being ripped apart by man-eating fish. Fuck, this is always a great album to blast at a party be it "Lesson in Violence" or "Then There Were None", but the real gems lie on side 2 starting with the epic "Piranha", followed by the teasy intro which marches us into the wave of carnage and plague known as "No Love", "When I walk the streets, got Loki on my side, slit your throat, drink your blood, who cares when others die!" This is good shit fuckers! Lead singer Paul "meatloaf" Baloff, left after this album and ended up passing on a few years back, so go roll dope, snort a two-footer, crack a beer, or beat your hostage with a tire iron to the scorching strains of "Metal Command". Shit one of my kids woke up!

P.Challice



CELTIC FROST-MORBID TALES (BANZAI RECORDS 1985)

This prick came as a complete surprise following the ham-fisted approach of their previous outfit known as HELLHAMMER, Meatlocker Bram bought this at Lyle's place one day after we scored a couple of grams of hash and insta-roach rollies, while skipping out of Arbutus Jr. Secondary. When we took it back to the hole (stoner/outcast checkpoint located behind school) it more or less blew everyone's lips off their faces. This was a mix of the two types starting with the very DR KNOW sounding "CRYPTS" and the heaviness just does not let up! Armed with names like Tom G. Warrior (no relation to Warren G you dicks!) and Martin Ain (he's missing a "U" and an "S") these guys plow through one metal onslaught after another, DETHRONED EMPEROR, PROCREATION OF THE WICKED, and the 3-minute long acid trip that is DANSE MACABRE, the breakdowns are seriously punk shit, and HEAVY VVVVVY! This guy fuckin' made up that whole metal grunt trip dudes! These guys were also the first to go full-on Swedish death-corps paint long before Swedish death corpse paint was cool. You can get this on re-release anywhere in town, they made one more killer album, two killer EP's, one so-so album with gay space shit on it, then it gets bad, but wait, I just read they have a new one due out, let's all cross our fucking fingers for Tom and the boys!



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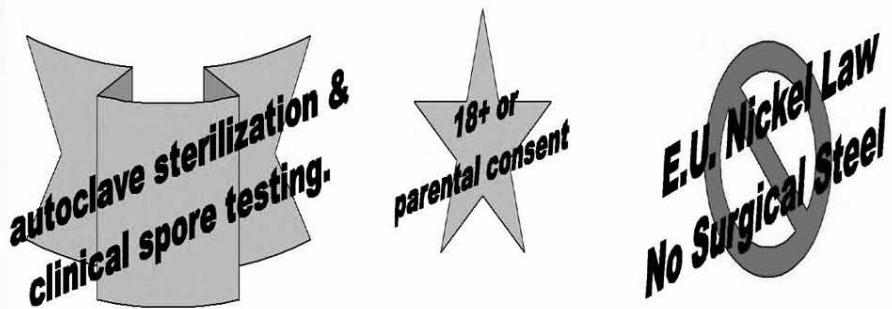
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MISFITS

FROM THE

BEYOND GRAVE!

The Misfits were originally formed by Glenn Danzig (singer/songwriter), and Jerry Caiata Jerry Only (bass). The band has had a number of drummers over the years, Manny, "Mr. Jim" Catania, Joey Image, Arthur Googy, and Robo, filled the position in their original days. This high rate of turnover on the position made it impossible for me to associate any one person as 'the' Misfits drummer. They also had a couple of different guitarists Frank "Franchise Coma", and Bobby Steele, before settling down with Jerry's younger brother Doyle (Paul Caiata). This trio would be the core group that would be the best known face of The Misfits in their original stint from 77-83.

Looking at the photos of the band, especially from those earlier days, it's hard to imagine anyone else playing the guitars for the Misfits. Jerry and Doyle looked cool as hell. They fit the band's B-horror movie/comic book persona perfectly. Two gigantic dudes standing like towers on either side of the stage with their mohawks slicked down over their faces in the bands signature 'devillock' hair style. But the guitar bass, and drums in the Misfits had one purpose and one purpose only, to lay the foundation for the vocals.

The first impulse that shoots in my brain when I think of, or listen to the Misfits is singing, and that begins and ends with their original songwriter Glenn Danzig. Not only did Danzig have a sense of vocal melody, catchy hooks, and cleverly disturbing lyrics, that made the Misfits stand apart from every hard-core punk band of that era and today, he had the deep resonating singers voice to back it all up. Obviously influenced by Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison, and Joey Ramone, he took those influences to a new level of aggression, and speed. Every Misfits song is almost impossible not to sing along to. And who the hell we are kidding? That's the reason we're still talking about the Misfits today!

As much as Danzig's vocal, and songwriting talents were front and center at a Misfits show. So were his antics on stage as the front man of the band. Whether it was throwing punches, or kicking the jumpers on the stage during the songs. Or the way he taunted, and tried picking fights with the crowd in between songs. He was your classic contemptible punk-rock asshole. All of these things together made some of the early shows veritable powder kegs.

For a band that has left such a widespread and long lasting impression on both musicians and listeners, they had surprisingly few album releases. And of the dozen or so released with the original line up only two of those were actually full length LP's the rest were all EP's released on the band's own 'Plan 9' record label. These early releases were the textbook example of DIY. The covers were all assembled and some even hand painted by the band members themselves. A personal touch rarely seen anymore in music production, and one that coupled with the low production numbers makes those early prints worth a fortune today.

DISCOGRAPHY 77-84

Cough cool - (77) 'Cough cool / She'



This is the earliest of the releases in fact it pre-dates their first guitarist. Instead of a guitar Danzig plays the keyboards on both tracks. Unfortunately keyboards are a lousy replacement for a guitar, but even on this early and unpolished effort the haunting, eerie vocals were a tell tale sign of better things to come. Both songs were later re-recorded and re-released on 'Legacy of Brutality' with the full compliment of instruments.

Bullet - (78) 'Bullet / We are 138 / Attitude'



Well almost certainly the first thing that strikes you when you see this EP is the cover art of JFK in his limo the moment a bullet is airing out the back of his skull. And if that doesn't get your attention the songs sure as shit will. This is where the Misfits really start to come into their own. The title track is fast, angry, and vulgar. It makes light of the assassination, and of the whole Kennedy pedigree. 'We are 138' was the first Misfits song that I ever heard. The song is simplicity at its best, an irresistible sing along chorus, backed up by a barrage of down picking that together could make a cripple get up and slam dance. And last but not least 'Attitude' which again is a sing along, this time about slapping out a loud mouth whore.

Horror business - (79) 'Horror business / Teenagers from Mars / Children in heat'



Again it's the cover art on this one that grabs you right off the bat. It features for the first time the 'crimson ghost'. A unique and distinctive version of the grim reaper that remains the bands logo to this day. The title track is a fast and raunchy little ditty about bathroom hijinx, and sticking a knife right in you. 'Teenagers from Mars' is a B-movie inspired tune about Martians coming to earth to impregnate young girls. Which leads right in to 'Children in Heat'; yet another hook laden song about the uncontrollable teenage libido.

Night of the living dead - (79) 'Night of the living dead / Where eagles dare / Rattfink'

The title track is yet another B-horror movie inspired tune with melodic whoo's and a dark creepy feel about it, and Rattfink is a more or less generic punk song with a percussive vocal line spelling out the title of the tune. No doubt about it though the hit on this one is 'Where Eagles Dare'; it only took one listen and I was screaming 'I ain't no goddamn son of a bitch'.

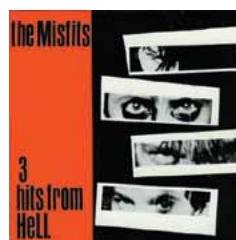
Beware - UK (80) 'We are 138 / Bullet / Hollywood Babylon / Attitude / Horror business / Teenagers from Mars / Last caress'

Released by the English Cherry Red label this one contained a few tunes already released in the states, but what made it special was the first time release of a couple of songs recorded in 78 for the 'Static Age' LP that was never released. These were Hollywood Babylon, another of the long line of songs all about thick vocal melodies.

And Last Caress, made famous by Metallica in 87 on their Garage Days EP. The sound and feel of this song is of a beautiful, heart-felt love song. Except for the fact that the song is about raping, and murdering, another gem!

3 Hits From Hell - (81) 'London Dungeon / Horror Hotel / Ghouls Night Out'

The first track on this one is about the bands tour of the UK supporting the Damned. The tour that was cancelled before it started when Danzig was arrested for a bar fight in London. Horror Hotel, and Ghouls Night Out are killer tracks that are heavy with the Halloween theme throughout, something the Misfits were an authority on.



Halloween - (81) 'Halloween / Halloween II'

Speaking of authorities on Halloween this song would be the unquestioned anthem of the season for me after the first time I heard it. What Silent Night is to Christmas, is what this song is to the October festival. Halloween II is a bizarre chant read slowly in Latin with some spooky low budget sound effects to boot.



Walk Among Us - '20 eyes / I Turned In To A Martian / All Hell Breaks Loose / Vampira / Nike A Go Go / Hate Breeders / Mommy Can I Go Out And Kill Tonight (live) / Night Of The Living Dead / Violent World / Astro Zombies / Brain Eaters'

Well, finally after striking a distribution deal with Caroline Records five years after starting the band the Misfits finally release their first full length LP. And if you had to pick any one album or compilation that best captures the overall Misfits sound it would be this one. Every song is a fast-paced hit played with gobs of attitude. But it was the third track of this album that would change me from your average Misfits fan in to a straight-up fiend. All Hell Breaks Loose. This song is fucking powerhouse! It's a perfect mix of the super aggressive direction the band was headed in, and the melodic catchy stuff they recorded earlier on. I'll never forget the first time I heard it; the best way I can describe it is it was like I mainlined a shot of adrenaline. I love it when just listening to a song can physically affect you like a drug does; it's the only truly clean high and I was fucking hooked. Over the next week after hearing it for the first time I must have played it about five hundred times no bullshit; and still today years later I never go too long without giving it a listen to.



Evilive - (82) '20 Eyes / Night Of The Living Dead / Astro Zombies / Horror Business / London Dungeon / Nike A Go Go / Hate Breeders / Devil's Whorehouse / All Hell Breaks Loose / Horror Hotel / Ghouls Night Out / We Are 138'

A collection of some of their hits performed live, and for anyone who hasn't heard old school punk rock played live, look out; it's not for the tame, in fact it's down-right raw. There's about a million sour notes on the guitars, and the vocals aren't any different. On several occasions when I first heard this album I couldn't tell which song I was listening to for thirty seconds or more, and these are my favorite songs. But that's all to be expected when you're putting on a kick-ass show, and besides it's not supposed to be pretty; it's live fucking punk rock.



Earth A.D. Wolfsblood - (83) 'Earth A.D. / Queen Wasp / Devilock / Death Comes Ripping / Green Hell / Wolfsblood / Demonomania / Bloodfeast / Hellhound'

Well Walk Among Us is the best overall summary of the Misfits sound, but Earth A.D. is by far my favorite album. This album is a fucking punch in the face from beginning to end. The only song not played at lightning speed is Bloodfeast. The others are a hardcore punk / speed metal hurricane. The mastering on this LP also adds to the barrage-like effect it has on the listener; the feedback and little guitar noises between the tunes have a tying together effect that doesn't let you get over the rush of the previous song before slamming you with the next one. If I had to pick only one album to listen to the rest of my life this one might be the one.



Die Die My Darling - (84) 'Die Die My Darling / Mommy Can I Go Out And Kill Tonight / We Bite'

Actually released after the band's break up as a farewell EP, these three tracks have exactly the same feel as the Earth A.D. LP and were tacked on to the album on later pressings.



The title track is probably the single most recognizable Misfits song, and despite its morbid violent content even had some mainstream radio play after Metallica recorded a cover of it.

Just after the release of Earth A.D. in 83 citing musical and personal differences between the band Danzig disbanded the Misfits. Jerry and Doyle went on to form the not-so-successful Kryst the Conqueror which managed to release only one five-song EP. Danzig went on to form Samhain whose music was darker and slower than your average Misfits offering but still had roots steeped in punk rock. Samhain would be his transition band that would lead to the commercially successful 'Danzig' band. The Danzig band targets a more mainstream metal audience and has only trace reminders of his punk rock songs.

As fate would have it, it was during this period of inactivity the band's popularity would explode taking them to legendary cult status. This is when the static age tracks recorded in 78 would be released on the Legacy of Brutality compilation, as well as others. And this was about the time when Metallica and Guns & Roses recorded and released Misfits covers, the latter being really crappy. Conversely Metallica's take on Last Caress and Green Hell on their 87 Garage Days EP kicked fucken ass. But even after this mainstream attention it was still difficult for the average fan to get their hands on the material. This would all change in the mid 90's when they released the hugely successful box set.

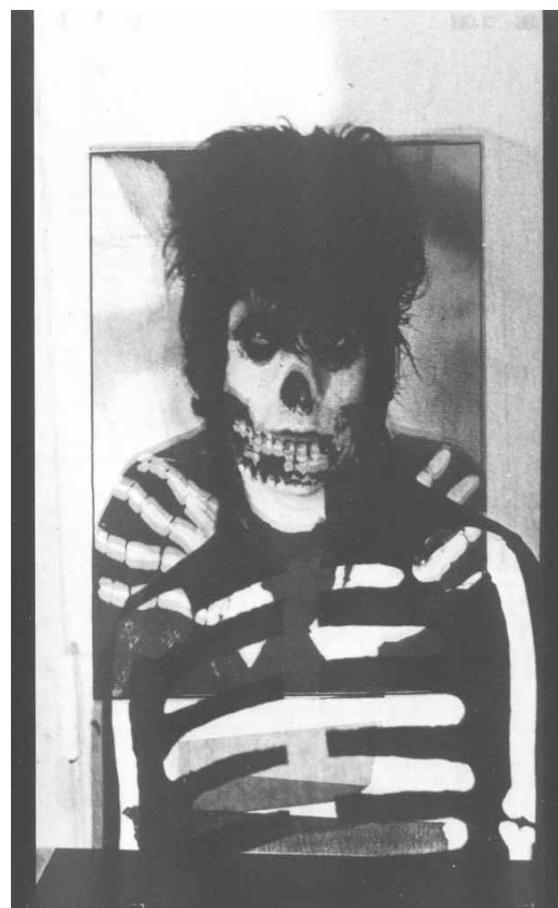
No doubt wanting to cash in on this resurgence of the band's popularity Jerry and Doyle recruited Dr. Chud on drums, and Michael Graves on vocals and in 97 wrote and recorded American Psycho. The music wasn't bad, and Michael Graves is a capable vocalist much in the mold of Danzig's early Misfits songs. But to me it just seemed like this lineup was more of a parody, or tribute band than the actual Misfits. And in support of this album they would take off on a world tour, so everybody who couldn't see them back in the day (which is practically everyone) would now get their chance. Or would they?

Ticket bought and paid for with shit loads of skepticism if I would even enjoy the show I went down to the Limit to check it out. Did I enjoy it? Your fucken bet I did besides supporting the new album they played tons of the old shit, so when you get to here all your favorite songs played live it's impossible not to have a good time. And every Misfits fan would have a hard time not being blown away by actually getting to see and meet Jerry and Doyle. It was a killer show. Did I leave the show feeling like I'd just seen the Misfits? No, not at all; it felt more like I'd just seen the greatest ever Misfits cover band, and this feeling was confirmed, and solidified when I seen them again on their Famous Monsters tour.

This wasn't that last metamorphosis they band would go through; they later toured with Marky Ramone on drums, and Dez from Black Flag on guitar and vocals, and now have recruited one of their original drummers Robo for their latest tour. A who's-who of old school punk stars for sure. On the flip side however it appears that Doyle and Danzig have reunited in some form or another. I'm not sure of the details exactly but from what I understand in the middle of Danzig's set Doyle comes out as a sort of guest guitarist and they bust out a few of the old classics together. I think I'd sell my soul to see that one.

If you don't know their music already pick up a disc and throw it in and let the adrenaline flow. New Misfits or Old Misfits fucken decide, I already did.

Ratboy Roy



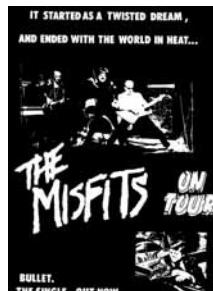
HATEBREEDERS:

The Bitter History Of Glenn Danzig And His Coat-Tail Rider Jerry Only

First, some perspective:

Canadian Pop Singles chart for Saturday, August 6, 1977

1. I'm In You - Peter Frampton
2. I Just Want To Be Your Everything - Andy Gibb
3. Da Doo Ron Ron - Shaun Cassidy
4. (Your Love Has Lifted Me) Higher And Higher - Rita Coolidge
5. Looks Like We Made It - Barry Manilow
6. Whatcha Gonna Do? - Pablo Cruise
7. Undercover Angel - Alan O'Day
8. Do You Wanna Make Love - Peter McCann
9. Don't Stop - Fleetwood Mac
10. How Much Love - Leo Sayer



Two things strike me as I look at this top 40 chart from August 1977-- a reflection of what was happening musically in the hearts and minds of everyone in North America at that moment: One: Radio was soft. Safe. Nice. Even the most "rockin'" artist listed (Peter Frampton) is charting with a mid-tempo ballad.

Two: This chart marks-almost to the day-the 15th anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death.

Now, why are these 2 seemingly unrelated observations significant? Because August, 1977 also saw the release of The Misfits first single -Cough/Cool.

Glenn Danzig formed the band and named it after the last film featuring Marilyn Monroe who loomed large in his writing. He penned the group's the first lyrics sometime in 1974 and had been rehearsing with musicians for 2 months before Jerry Only was asked to replace the original bassist.

The Misfits were both a sum of the pop/cultural experiences that anyone born in the 1950's would have been exposed to growing up in the 60's and 70's: like the Cold War/Red Scare/nuclear threat entrenched in every Sci-Fi 'B-movie'-- and a reaction to the current state of North American culture-A hybrid consumerist-energy-crisis-disco-TV-as-babysitter monster. All the result of the previous generation's paranoia.

The Misfits were not safe. They were not nice. The word most often used to describe the atmosphere at live performances by the band was "dangerous". Something rock and roll hadn't been for a long time. These guys attacked their own audiences for Christ's sake! And this was at least 8 years before GG hit the scene.

Danzig manufactured the label which carried the band's debut 7"single-"Blank Records". He sold it to Mercury records for 30 hours of studio time then turned around and created a second independent label-"Plan 9".

Plan 9's first release was the single "Bullet". Its lurid cover depicted a smiling waving John F. Kennedy whose brains are streaming out of his head in a jagged red spray.

Bullet and every subsequent Plan 9 release carried artwork designed (and sometimes silk screened) by Glenn in his mom's basement-from "Halloween" to "Walk Among Us". These covers are considered to sport some of the finest art produced during the Punk era. This is a feat in and of itself but think of it this way: Glenn Danzig had created and released tracks on 2 successful independent labels within a single year. This is 1977-there were no fucking independent labels run by bands!

Look, I'm trying to give you an overview of what was really the sinew and blood of this band. One of Jerry Only's big claims against Glenn Danzig in the lawsuit that saw him steal the name "Misfits" from the guy who thought it up was that he funded a sizable portion of the bands releases. That's worth something, sure. But does anybody really believe someone motivated enough to accomplish what Glenn Danzig did between June 1977 and June 1978 would not have come up with these funds had Jerry's parents not ponied up?

Jesus wept...

"This aint no fantasy, boy!"
-from "Night Of The Living Dead"

The Misfits didn't tour as hard as the indestructible Black Flag (has anybody ever?), but they booked their own shows and crossed the country in a van during the earliest part of the 1980's. These jaunts exposed to them to a new breed of suburban-nitro-punk rock, specifically that of Black Flag and The Necros. Danzig decided his group wasn't expressing musically the lethal mix of violence and brutality he felt inside.

In reaction he penned the incendiary "Mommy, Can I Go Out And Kill Tonight?" in 1982.

Listen to the live version included on "Walk Among Us" then go kill yourself.

He took this new direction a step further with the release of 1983's sonic holocaust "Earth AD/Wolf's Blood". A record widely acknowledged with kicking Hardcore up a notch on the savage-o-meter and cited as an influence for nearly every thrash metal band that came after and musically shaped the coming decade-- from Slayer to Metallica.

Again, the focus here is why Jerry Only is a fool. A joke.

How do I expect you to draw that conclusion after reading the previous paragraphs? Well, it seems to me that the heart of the Misfits was a D.I.Y punk rock/hardcore ethic basically from day one.

Isn't the spirit in which punk rock formed, or certainly hardcore, one which holds the virtue of integrity in the highest regard?

Jerry was a part of this band that was so obviously vital in establishing belief in the "Do It Yourself" movement yet the further the band progressed the more Jerry seemed to desire stagnation over progression or aggression.

When Glenn brought in the songs that would become "Earth ADÖ" Jerry complained that they weren't melodic enough. Were too fast. Too dark. Why didn't Glenn write more songs like "Astro Zombies" with its pleasing Do-wop vibe? Around this time Jerry also started grumbling that he would rather stay home working at his father's shop than spend so much time touring.

That to me is a sign that these two were no longer on the same page.

I concede that there was an element of fun and mild cartoonishness to the Misfits, especially early on and Jerry obviously saw this as well. But so too was there the ever growing presence of danger. Of violence. Of a lyrical vision reflecting the decay of American cities, the death of heroes. Of American Highways haunted by serial killers Again, the result of the paranoia of the previous generation.

"They play you a death song
you'll probably listen, stand idly by as they rape your children.
Like they do now, in fact, you showed them how.
Play, theme for a jackal, play"
"Theme For A Jackal" 1978

Glenn Danzig wrote every note ever pressed to vinyl under the name The Misfits from '77-83. There are plenty of examples of ex-members like Bobby Steele, who after being pressed again and again to make the claim that he wrote the pick-slide in "I Turned Into A Martian" or some such nonsense, basically said that Glenn placed his hands on the guitar and told him what to play. I've personally heard the evidence on rehearsal tapes where Glenn is telling the drummer how to play every nuance of a new song.

Yet Jerry sees his own contribution to the history of the band as being so vast that the right thing to do is to sue his former friend for the rights to the name then make a career and a little money.

A name that used to evoke a dark mystery.

Now it brings to mind band members suffering beating after beating during a pathetic flirtation with a pro-wrestling career. Of drum sets featuring huge fake spikes and songs about evil scarecrows:

"Lock your doors, watch your back, it's true
Turn around...how do you do
I'm the scarecrow man
I'm the scarecrow man

People dying every night
Mutilation's a terrible sight

I've come to kill you, I will!
I'm gonna get you, be still!
I'm the scarecrow man
I'm the scarecrow man
I'm the scarecrow man
Scarecrow man"

Holy fuck.

"Every world and every limb torn asunder base
Everything I need is me. Everything I am."
-From "Am I Demon"



After Glenn disbanded The Misfits in 1983 he continued to evolve. Growing darker and more complex first forming the pagan-metal group Samhain then the more Satanic Danzig.

During this time Jerry briefly formed a band called Kryst The Conqueror who sang the glory of God to the tune of histrionic robot-Viking metal and publicly stated his mission was to save Glenn's fans from certain damnation. E-vil!!!

In 1995, placing no value on the idealistic integrity inherent to the scene that the Misfits helped create and which in turn supported them, Jerry Only "resurrected" the Misfits. The new band featured two "real" members, neither of whom were with the band from day one or wrote one note during the six years that saw the birth of the true Legacy Of Brutality. The Misfits.

It started as a twisted dream and ended with the world in heat.
Oh yeah, that and songs about evil scarecrows.

Rob Nesbitt, October 2005.

absolute album reviews

ABSOLUTE ALBUM REVIEWS

continued

Black Dahlia Murder, Miasma, Metal Blade Records

I find myself on a metal kick lately, it seems to be every few months I just can't get enough. Maybe I just want to hear guys play more than four chords for a while. So when I saw this on the new release shelf I grabbed it instantly. I have probably listened to Unhallowed about a million times, and fucking love that album so I knew this one would be just peachy. For starters they got heavier, yup it's true I said heavier, so fucking sweeeeet. The melodic death metal that they played on the last album has definitely been turned up a notch or two. The songs are quite a bit more complex on this album as well, which tends to make them a little more interesting for the long haul I find. The extreme intensity of this album is pretty fucking hard to deny, it blew me away. I am guessing someone in this band has some not so repressed anger management issues...maybe next time they come to town everyone should just give them a hug.

-jay brown

Bruce Dickinson, Tyranny Of souls, sanctuary records

Well o.k. any metal heads out there, or just anyone that grew up in the eighties will know Bruce as the front man of Iron maiden... Personally I am a Diano fan but that's just me. So I bought this album knowing I was going to be listening to someone Iron Maiden.... and I definitely wasn't disappointed. Picture Maiden guitars with a bit more of a chunk to them and throw in a little double bass and there you have it. Or so the first four tracks led me to believe. I was grooving away, air guitar like a retarded 1986 head banger having a blast, totally forgetting that this is what the fuckheads that used to beat me up listened to. Then all of a sudden track 5 started and the world crashed down around me. what the fuck happened, who just replaced Bruce with Ozzy in his retarded love ballad era? Oh fuck no, kill me now. If you are planning on downloading this album let me warn you now, unless you have a really strong stomach and a great sense of humour just skip tracks five and six. Unless you like idiotic cheese then it's totally up your alley. Then track seven started and I thought it was a fucking Cher song for a second, I was huddled in the corner crying let me tell you but it changed real fast and all of a sudden I was listening to a ripping Maiden song again, thank you oh dark lord for coming through yet again. So there we are back on track, goat horns raised to the sky, living it up. Track nine on the album I found a little different but still good, almost as if someone had taken a page from an Alice In Chains album and crossed it with Iron Maiden and came up with something in the middle that wasn't the worst fucking thing I have ever heard. All in all I like the album and find that the more I listen to it the more it grows on me. Just skip tracks five and six, holy crap total fucking garbage I don't know what the fuck he was thinking there but hopefully he never does that again. Raise the horns motherfuckers, apparently old rockers never die.

-jay brown

THE GREY ARMY Sea of Shit Records

This is good shit, damn good. The first time I saw these guys they blew my mind, and now I can finally read the lyrics sheet and know what the fuck they're saying. The sound is full and the recording quality is pretty good for a DIY effort. The lyrics are insightful and well thought out. The songs touch on personal issues like the death of a close friend and the addictions of others. But there is also more light hearted songs like "Drinking In My Room". Overall this album definitely has aggressive tendencies and make you want to break stuff. The scorching vocals and tight riffs make this a must for fans of local music.

-Sam Losko

THREE SIXES S/T Universal Sign Records

This shit is over the top extreme metal that takes itself way too serious. It's harsh lyrics on songs like I.F.T.D. (I Fuck The Dead) sound like Eminem wrote the lyrics to these tunes. The songs criss cross between heavy handed metal to rap style mallcore. Imagine a Bloodhound Gang meets Korn. Don't get me wrong, these guys are definitely sick as you can see on the two sacrilegiously gory videos included on this disc. The best part is when the violated nun has her revenge on a perverted priest by stabbing him to death with a crucifix. Classic! Some of the songs are wicked while I found others a little embarrassing, but I'm sure they would be a sight to see live. I did like the songs "Lord of the Dead" "Possession" and "Bleed For Me". www.threesixes.com

-Mal Content

BLAKAGIR - "Nostalgia / Droga Przed Egzekucja"

For those unfamiliar, Blakagir play a bombarding triumph of dark ambient battle music in the same vein as "Stargate" era Mortiis. What sets Blakagir apart from others who do the same style of music is the fact that Blakagir's world of battles and war hymns is communicated much more strongly and passionately than their brethren—namely Mortiis, Burzum, Gae Bolg, etc. There also seems to be a quite prominent Mike Oldfield influence in some of these songs. "Tubular Bells" was obviously on Blakagir's top ten favorites right between Burzum's "Det Som Engang Var" and Emperor's "IX Equilibrium". Yes, there are some vocals on several tracks here, and the vocals are pure black metal screeches. The bottom line is, if you understand the relationship between black metal and dark ambient music, you will find this to be a darkly majestic release.

-Jaron Evil

AK47 THE FUCKING ENEMY Reason Records

Their last release "Free Palestine" really blew me away so I've been anxiously awaiting this new album from AK47. Let's just say that by the third song I knew I wasn't going to be disappointed. With pinpoint accuracy these political punk rebels wage a war against the establishment, bringing to light the truth in the process. The energy of the album just builds and builds, the gap between songs is literally nonexistent. The sound quality of this recording is top notch and the songs make you feel like starting a revolution as these local freedom fighters play their hearts out, hoping to inspire awareness. Stand-out songs include "The Day After", "Arise Again" and "State of the Union". Catch them live if you can and remember to keep it underground. DIY

-Political Prisoner #3649



BLOOD NASTY SCALES OF JUSTUS swollen testicle records

What we got here is a buncha YEKOBS and an ENCHANTED FAERIE (who is also in fuckin'CODE 19!) playing seriously old school hardcore thrash in the vein of early DRI, CRUCIFIX, FANG, CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER and one of the singers is straight up CRUCIFUCKS. I like this like I like the NEO-NASTIES album that came out earlier this year. Old school and raw. No organs, no sweaters, no late-comer metal wannabe shit, no shit! This made my wife fuckin' pissed when I fired it up in the kitchen, it was rad. Blind Mark digs it too. We are the punk Siskel and Ebert (he can be the fat motherfucker.) When Chrisknob told me their cover wasn't ready yet cus his sweetie hadn't drawn it yet, I informed him of Yoko's part in the destruction of the Beatles! Find this CD and skate and drink to it. It would also come in handy at a house wrecker, we BSB13's used ta git fucked up at knobhouse, these guys are pickled dude!

-Micky Maggot

Prisoner of Evil

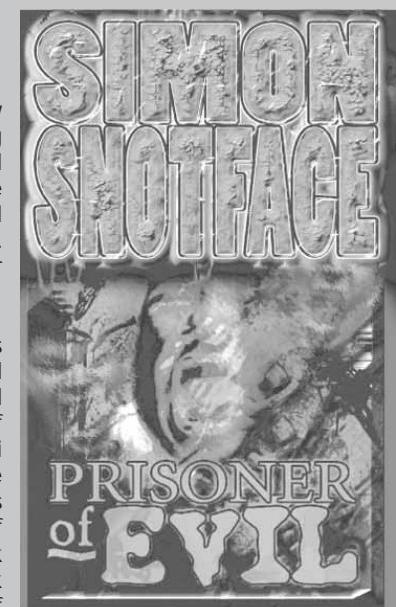
Written by Simon Snotface

A car rolled past my house and out the window yelled Simon Snotface. He was over visiting Victoria and promoting his new book. I said I would buy a copy and he dug into his little purse and produces a soggy copy of Prisoner of Evil. I stole some money from my wife and paid Simon. As he drove away he yelled out to me "You never saw me! I wasn't here, and I don't exist!"

I settled down on my porch and dug into Simon's book... I was surprised at the vocabulary used and at times I reckoned I better get a dictionary to find out what some of the words are. It's a rich story of such descriptive smells you almost gag. Sci-fi fantasy, another planet, creatures and maybe some D&D plus lots of excrement is what this book is made of. The story follows the travels of Akon, a character who is an out and out back stabber. He gets captured by a Gub named Gaflok and taken to a city of shit as well as a mountain of monsters. The tale is of Akon's time being held captive by Gaflok and it's so descriptive you won't believe it continues page after page and that Akon even survives. Add some more feces, flies, worms, a urinating and some cannibalism and then you're ready to turn the page for something even worse! After awhile you begin to feel sorry for Akon and forget that he is a greedy worthless being. I need not say more so your bedtime story won't be soiled.

It's a one of a kind! Buy it with a roll of toilet paper and read! Move over JK Rowling and JR Tolkein because here's Simon Snotface... and in the words of the Trailer Park supervisor Jim Layhee "There's a shit storm a brewing!"

-clod

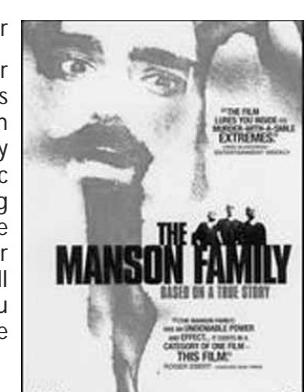


THE MANSON FAMILY 2005 MPI HOME VIDEO

This movie took fifteen years to make and it is seriously for

fans of hard shit only! This is nothing like the Helter Skelter movie from the 70's. This movie focuses on the murders and shows every stab wound, but because of director Jim Van Bebber's respect for director Roman Polanski, they have left out the Sharon Tate details. There are satanic dream sequences, grainy interview footage and a raging soundtrack courtesy of Pantera Phil, this comes across like a way more hardcore version of House of 100 Corpses or Natural Born Killers. This is your last warning, this film will make you feel horrible, some of us like that, see how you can hold up. The DVD is loaded w/extras and an awesome interview w/ good ol' Chucky Manson.

Don Pizmeov



Slam City Jam 2005

by Jimmy Miller

My tale begins on a high note (?); sitting within a Calgary airport bar, staring at my glass of naughty, pondering my molasses-paced departure from cowtown... How'd I get there in the first place? Life seems a little foggy when sleep is deprived and socialization is switched off. Prairie life may be nice for some people but the coast was beckoning me through the haze of my days. My demeanor switched to uppity when, after flying away, I dialed the familiar digits to Dougie, Hilman, and K.C. politely requesting a personal carcass pick-up to get the show on the road. While I'm not a youngster seeking autographs anymore, I still couldn't deny a sense of excitement from within me, Slam City Jam was taking place for the umpteenth year in a row, and the finals were set to take place to following day. Yippee the spectacle of it all!

One bus ride connector and a gracious Hardy-taxi service later and the mission was on. All was peaceful: ethnic earthy eats were within Doug and Hilman's grasps and K.C. had some brew... unfortunately I had my Daewon-diablo dream shattered when a simple manual variation nearly shattered my existence at the Venables park. With my white shirt permanently scarred brown from my effort gone wrong we sought the relief of nightlife and housing. Numerous cell phone dials, some slow-motion decision making and one hoity-toity art show later we were left sittin' on the curb catching up with some old-school bros... yup, sausage party, whatevs. Our buddies Bergerman and Duncan drank with us until it was time for bedtime facilitation. Thanks for putting us up guys. Freshly recharged we bid adieu to our friends and went searching for our great unifier and peacemaker: coffee and contest-time.

Through a collective daze Dougie's Subaru guided us along the straight and narrow towards K.C.'s most dreaded bean vender for a full cup of sincere calm. One Creager spotting and a humbling toss of my joe (Slam doesn't allow outside goodies within) I was checked into the madness. My frayed nerves were cooed by the reflection that this year Slam was under new ownership and maybe they were just being sticklers. This epiphany was later discovered false seeing as Doug and Hilly brought stuff in unscathed (bastards!). Regardless, CrescentView Investments was already playing their game with the Slam City name and I was anxious to see what the score was.



Being a bit disgruntled that I missed the "Masters of Street" portion of Slam (my childhood inspiration Dressen took second), the Es Game of S.K.A.T.E., the DC Nationals finals and now a perfectly good cup of coffee, damn I was getting right bitchy! Halfheartedly, I snagged an uncomfortable seat in front of the Vertical beast awaiting the ladies finals. The gigantic proportions of the ramp and the visibly daunting task of competing in front of everyone (25,000 beeps over the weekend) slowly corrected my pissy mood. Our buddy Rebecca was competing

and my hat was officially tipped in her direction (I once did it myself, butterflies are an understatement). Kudos to Rebecca she threw down some confident runs within the jam style heat. In the end Cara-Beth Burnside's blazing runs took it (Did I just say blazing runs? hehehe). Speaking of hot shit my personal inner fire was getting stoked by all of the excitement and it was barely mid-day... oh man, that's right; the time.

Slam City Jam is noted for its rich history, skating, hype, parties, and lots of... waiting. Once you're within the gates you're stuck there (unless you have a cool guy in-out bracelet) and man it can get tiresome. We were only there for one of the three days too. Rest assured that I can skate nerd, "skerd", with the best of them, but after two twenty dollar pizza slices, ample manmade lighting, and eight hours in the stands huffing ample secondhand smoke I'm there, stick a fork in me, I'm done. Maybe my age is leaking out through this rant (the Dressen reference can't help either) but the countless doobie busts, product fights, and underage floozies flaunting their (lack of) goodies loses its luster (if it had any to begin with). The silver lining was there it just needed to get uncovered. Fight it off! Often this silver lining is discovered in retrospect on the ferry ride outta that mofo. Lucky for me this time proved an exception to my personal impatience.

The light at the end of the tunnel became more apparent as the day wrapped. The Men's street finals kept us all locked in sensory overload trippin' on all of the insane shit we saw. This is what Slam City was meant to be! I'm going for the abbreviations for the fun of it. P-Rod, J-Rog, Sheeks, Creags and Cranker all left us with jaws dropped due to their skills. The consistency of the new generation

of skateboarding is simply mind numbing. Any aspiring "sponsor-me" video carrying little grommet was either left amped or purposeless after this onslaught.

The ferry ride outta the mofo still offered time for us all to reflect upon the day's highlights: Strubing's speedy qualifier runs, Haslam's gift for ingenuity, McCrank's rubber style, P-Rod's conveyor-belt of tricks, boozing on a curb with the homies, and K.C.'s uncanny ability to speak truth. Damn what a quality day! I suppose the one redeeming quality of my digits-to-keyboard-key-rant is my ability to travel down memory lane, perhaps embellish things a bit, pump up my ego and move onward a stronger more confident man. Hmm, probably not, but thanks to all of the people mentioned, I had a hoot!

side SHOW

HALLOWEEN
ALL YEAR!

CUSTOM CLOTHING

559 Johnson St.
920-SHOW

ZOMBIE WALK 2005

V A N C O U V E R

Written by Robin Thompson a.k.a. Zombie Jesus

Vancouver recently celebrated an afternoon of the undead with Zombie Walk 2005! Already an honoured tradition in Toronto and Seattle, this march of the damned was a first for the likes of brain-eating Vancouverites. An unexpected legion of 300 zombie lovers gathered in front of the Vancouver Art Gallery wearing their 'Sunday bloodiest', ready to take on the city and deeply disturb it's humble citizens.

Nothing short of an amazing spectacle, the variety of zombies was staggering. The gathering consisted of tourist zombies, punk zombies, military zombies, junkie zombies, girl guide zombies, pantless zombies, zombie hunters, and the controversial Zombie Jesus.

The first stop on the march was the downtown shopping mall, where the undead horde staggered their way throughout the crowds and down the escalators towards the Granville Skytrain station. Shoppers were shocked, horrified, and very disgruntled as the reanimated army begged for brains. Security freaked and tried to put a stop to the march as the zombies went to board the skytrain. But how do you stop 300 zombies from going where ever the hell they want?! This unstoppable force took the train to Main St. Station, (a.k.a. "Brain Street Station") where the march of death resumed for over thirty city blocks. Public reaction was mixed. Some onlookers treated it as a friendly parade. Others were not so happy about it. Young children cried in fear and old ladies turned away in disgust. Zombies swarmed street trolleys and buses were brought to a halt! Police escorts helped direct traffic, giving the bloodthirsty horde a full lane to rampage through! After hours of testing the city's patience, the zombie mob eventually convened at a large graveyard and rested their weary and dirty feet. A zombie dance ensued in the middle of the cemetery for those who could remained standing. Participants wandered the paths and got to know one another, contemplating what they had just accomplished.

Oddly enough, the city of Vancouver felt that 300 rioting zombie lovers stopping traffic and horrifying citizens wasn't newsworthy, as media attention was extremely minimal. Maybe they were embarrassed. Or maybe they were just afraid. Or maybe they were trying to hide an abominable truth -- that large numbers of people are actually capable of doing something this demented and get away with it!

It remains to be seen how the city of Vancouver will be prepared for the likes of rampaging undead atrocities happening again next year. Don't say you weren't warned!



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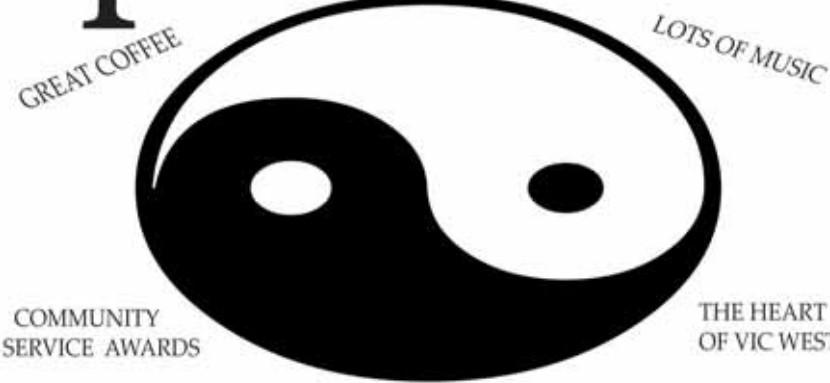
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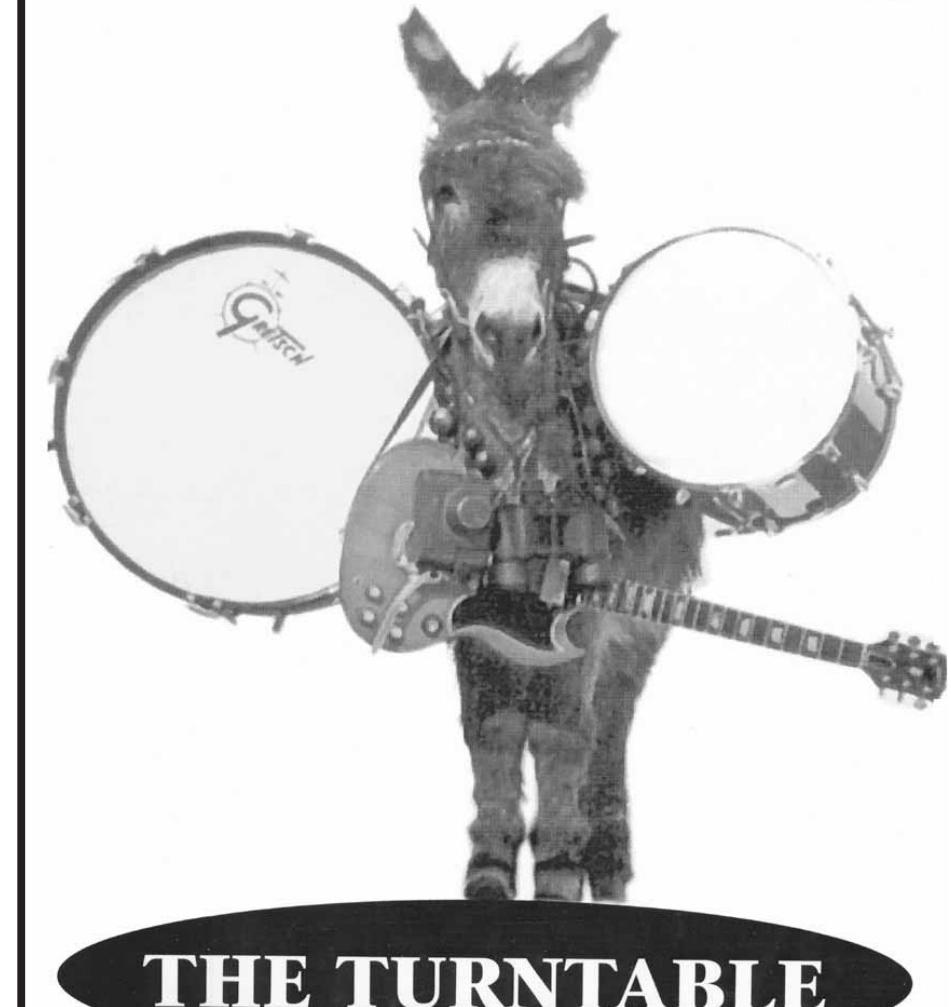
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48 hours, 400 miles, 150 rounds of 9mm, 36 Yankee brews, 20 bands, 2 meals at IHOP, 1 night at Motel Six – this is Ozzfest 2005 by the numbers.



August 11, 2005 - Auburn, WA

The trip down

We started off our trip – Pete, Chase and I (Erik) on Wednesday the 10th of August 2005. Onboard our 9 AM ferry ride to the mainland, we ran into plenty of friends and the excitement grew. It was the height of summer and we were going Stateside, to take in the biggest rock show of the year. The US Customs agent just laughed when we showed him our Ozzfest tickets along with identification. He said he was down with Black Sabbath, but had to work.

It was 3 PM by this point and we had time to kill. Literally. The night before I scouted a gun range in Bellevue that the three of us newly minted 21 year olds could light off a few rounds at. I came up with Wade's Guns. ([HYPERLINK](http://www.wadeguns.com/) "http://www.wadeguns.com/" http://www.wadeguns.com). The well staffed store had an amazing array of military grade assault rifles, large caliber handguns, lethal fighting knives and enormous shotguns. At the gun range we chose a Glock 19 9mm handgun. Around this time, 3 beautiful ladies came in. Carol, Mary and the birthday girl Marissa! Mary had a .357 and they all had firearms experience. I certainly felt outclassed looking into the next lane and seeing a petite woman in high heels shooting a Smith & Wesson .500 Magnum! They are dubbed 'The Ozzfest Angels' due to their evening dresses and killer accuracy! The greatest photo of the trip was at Wade's Guns, hands down. We headed to the Motel 6 in Tacoma. Wakeup call was set for 5:30 AM and we wanted to get some sleep. After all, we would be spending 15 hours the next day moshing in the sun.

Second stage

By 8:50 we were moving! Through the pat down, tickets scanned, nod from the state trooper... **Arch Enemy** had already started their set; it was time to rock!

There had to be 150 people tops checking out Arch Enemy at this point; so many were stuck waiting for admission. Rushing the front row was easy. I set up dead center, front row and got my neck stretched! Arch Enemy had the job of waking up the crowd, they tackled it well. Angela is a great frontwoman and is backed by a technically strong band. They ran through a quick 20 minute greatest hits set which culminated with the blistering "We Will Rise." The tiny crowd ate it up and they bowed off. Next: Trivium. I don't know them or their material... They played a solid set, the frontman was animated and trying his best to get people to start a intense mosh. It wasn't happening. This is probably due to it being far too early.

The Ozzfest stage hands made short work of band changes. Drums were already set up on rolling risers, guitars cordless, the microphones standard issue. This meant the wait from band to band was short... and **The Black Dahlia Murder** was up next. They certainly looked like they just rolled out of bed as they groggily took up instruments and headed for the stage. 10:10 AM, in America, front row, The Black Dahlia Murder... Life is good. As soon as the first song hit, the energy exploded out of the band. It was brilliant to watch. The three guitarists were whirlwinds – windmilling, running around the stage and screaming at the crowd. Meanwhile, the lead singer Trevor Strnad was screaming like a man possessed. This was energy! They dropped my favourites from "Unhallowed": "Funeral Thirst", "Hymn for the Wretched" and the mighty "Contagion." Some new tracks from "Miasma" rounded out the brutal set. On the last song, lead guitarist John Kempainen jumped down and ran along the front row while soloing and riffing. It was unbelievable! Then he slapped the pick into my hand with a high five and climbed on stage. The Black Dahlia Murder laid down an awesome set.

A tough act to follow but Sweden's own **The Haunted** proved they were up to the challenge. This was the first Haunted show for me and I was damn excited. I have been following them since 1998's self titled release and have never been able to catch them (I bought tickets to the cancelled Seattle Damageplan/Shadows Fall/The Haunted gig) but now I was making up for that with a front row view. Peter Dolving, the frontman, looked pretty messed up. Whether he was high, dehydrated, sleep deprived – or acting like a head case – it was working. He played the social deviant part perfectly. Backed by the Björler twins (of At The Gates legend) the melodic thrash came hard and heavy. "Bury Your Dead", "Hatesong" and "All Against All" were some of the memorable tracks. During the set a crazy wheelchair bound man was crowdsurfing! Dolving dedicated the next song to this badass. A crowd pleasing band, The Haunted held it down and played what felt to be an aborted 25 minute set. They wished everyone a good day and bowed off. The next six bands were completely unknown to me and I had no interest in being in the thick of the pit. There was 2 and a half hours until Mastodon hit the stage, leaving plenty of time to check out the Ozzfest merchandisers and promotional tents.

I found the KISW radio booth from which a live, Seattle wide broadcast was underway. The announcer lady asked the group which had formed who they were and who they were there to see. I blurted out "I'm Erik from Canada and I'm here for Black fuckin' Sabbath!" the DJ immediately went sheet white... "You know that you are not allowed to swear on the radio! That was live!"

A pair of entertaining middle aged rockers were yelling at young girls to flash them... it was hilarious. No reasonably attractive girls got away without the lecherous treatment. I headed back for 1:40 PM: **Mastodon** time. They took the stage and laid into the crowd with an extended intro for "March of The Fire Ants". This band means business. They were vice tight and the melodic rhythms came across like a tsunami. "Blood and Thunder", "Aqua Dementia" and "Workhorse" were the best received of the set. The sight of the crowd in a whirlwind singing the chorus to "Blood and Thunder" (White whale! Holy grail!) was breathtaking to say the least! Next: As I Lay Dying. This band seemed to inspire the hardcore bunch to start their aerobics routine... I stood back with a grin on my face as Dying lit up "94 Hours" and roundhouse kicks and spastic punching broke out in the circle pit. Not my cup of tea, but extra points to the vocalist for maxing out the monitors with his deathly screech.

Killswitch Engage! I have heard their album "The End of Heartache" and enjoyed the sounds. They played a selection of tracks from said album, had great stage presence and commanded an inspired fan base. Their melodic hardcore/thrash sound translated well to the live environs. Killswitch bowed out and the crowd got excited. After all, it was 3:45 PM and the mighty **Rob Zombie** was closing out the second stage. I've followed Zombie since the White Zombie days and always wanted to catch a live show. The stage was decorated with psychedelic pinup girl backdrops. Zombie took the stage, along with the rest of the band, featuring John 5 (previously of Marilyn Manson fame). Zombie was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, this struck me as a return to roots for him. The set was deadly! The band knew exactly how to wring the most out of the classic material. Songs spanned the Zombie career and included "Thunderkiss '65", "Black Sunshine", "Superbeast" and the crowd slayer "More Human than Human". I saw more White Zombie shirts at Ozzfest than any other band. Upon seeing Zombie's crazy stage antics and the killer ability to rock the crowd, I understood fully.

Main Stage

Now the massive herd of Ozzfesters had to migrate to the seated areas of the main stage. Attendance was 16,923... that is plenty of people to move. It did not happen fast. I met up with some of the boys and we took our seats at 5:00 PM, completely missing **In Flames**. This is disappointing as I have met the In Flames guys at one of their Vancouver shows and I love their albums "Clayman" and "Colony". **Black Label Society** hit the stage at 5:05 PM. The set was predictable to say the least. Recent singles "Suicide Messiah" and "Fire it Up" off of "Mafia" with the remaining tracks culled from "The Blessed Hellfire". As with the Vancouver BLS show I took in around May/05, intros and outros were heavily extended to provide Zakk Wylde with room to showcase solo techniques. He played with his teeth, behind his head and basically gave a cursory lesson in shred. BLS left the hardcore fans wanting more, namely some old material!

Shadows Fall, widely heralded as the next Metallica stepped up to the plate at 6:00 PM. Their setlist consisted mostly of tracks from 2004's "War Within": They sounded phenomenal live and deserved their main stage billet fully! The cutting edge thrash sound and huge choruses were made for this type of venue. The crowd ate these guys up, the pit started to move under the weight of tracks such as "The Light That Blinds", "What Drives the Weak", "The Power of I and I" and "Inspiration on Demand". Brian Fair, the lead vocalist, ran from monitor to monitor with his dread locked hair windmilling crazily. Jon Donais on lead guitar proved himself the next metal virtuoso.

Mudvayne was up next, the singer came out dressed in a clown suit with a baseball bat. I suppose this is some sort of Slipknot/Insane Clown Posse tribute, but it was lost on me. The band was surprisingly good live, their simple syncopated, bassy sound coming across clearly on the monitors. They played some songs of their latest albums but the only one I could recognize was their breakthrough hit "Dig". Then the wait was over... Iron Maiden.

Iron Maiden took the stage at 8:05 PM. This was my first time seeing them and I sure hope it is not the last time! "Murders in the Rue Morgue" kicked the set off. Bruce Dickinson ran around like a man possessed the whole show; the guitarists head banged in unison and sped to opposite corners of the stage – this did not look like a 25 year old band! They played a brilliant setlist of crowd favourites which included "The Trooper" for which Dickinson put on a red British Army uniform and waved a giant, tattered Union Jack. Other hits like "Revelations", "Run To The Hills" (while on a reservation!) "Number of the Beast" and "Hallowed be Thy Name" put the crowd on its feet. Bruce Dickinson had the crowd signing along and hanging on his every word. Some of his anti-MTV speeches were strange, given that Ozzy has a major television show on MTV. As it turns out, later on the Ozzfest tour at San Bernardino, Dickinson's rants came back to haunt him. The rest of the Ozzfest bands unceremoniously threw eggs and cut the stage power as Maiden played. This led to a seriously pissed off Maiden along with a bitchy Sharon Osbourne trading official angry statements on their respective websites. Anyways, between the moving Eddie inspired backdrops, flashing lightshow, 10 foot tall walking Eddie that came out and attacked the band during a later song – Maiden utterly killed Ozzfest and was by far the best band at the show. I did not envy Black Sabbath... as darkness fell they had a tough act to follow.

Black Sabbath took the stage at 9:30 PM. Ozzy Osbourne, Tony Iommi, Bill Ward and Geezer Butler – the original historic line up from the first self titled release in 1970. This is the band that got me into metal. My dad used to venture into the basement on Friday nights with whiskey in hand to spin the ancient metal vinyl. I would stand at the top of the stairs, listening to the strains of "The Wizard" and think of seeing this band live. When the curtains finally opened, the stage was dark and unadorned; very much in contrast to Iron Maiden's over the top stage presence. The Black Sabbath I saw on that day demonstrated why they were so influential 35 years ago. The set started with "N.I.B.", "War Pigs" then "Dirty Women". On "Dirty Women", Ozzy's voice cracked horribly and he ran off stage. Iommi looked blankly at the rest of the band and immediately started into an extended solo break. When this solo ended minutes later, Ozzy toddles out clutching a cup of tea. The song wraps up and he gets on the mike: "My voice is fucked up again tonight! I'll keep croaking if you keep listening! What do you say?" The crowd responds with a cheer. Ozzy announced on the Ozzfest webpage a week after this show he was dropping from Ozzfest touring, likely influenced by his performance at Seattle and the various other dates which he exhibited similar problems. He is a true rock warrior and points to him for leaving gracefully. Ozzy is certainly the weak link in this otherwise competent band.

From there "Faeries wear Boots", "Electric Funeral", "Iron Man" and the jewel of the night "Black Sabbath" was trotted out. By this time, it was completely dark in the amphitheater and the shuffling beats and anguished cries of "Black Sabbath" deftly captured the doomy revolution the band incited so many years ago. "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath" and "Children of the Grave" finished the night. The crowd erupted in applause: not only for the legendary band but for all of Ozzfest and the great brotherhood of the festival. The lads bowed and trekked offstage slowly and the cheering crowd began to disperse. This capped the end of 20 bands and 15 hours of music.



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INSIDE THE MIND OF

A MILD MADMAN

by Liam Lux

Brian Clement must be a madman. What else could explain it? He's barely in view of 30 and already has five feature films under his belt (plus five or six short films that have been "lost to the Ancients"). It's hard to imagine that such a mild-mannered guy has the drive – and the imagination – to write, direct, produce, and even self-finance his own movies about zombies, cannibals, phantom samurais, lesbian vampire hit squads, and the rest of the perversely funny and truly twisted stuff that comes out of his mind. And he does it with budgets that are less than zero. He must be mad. Or a genius. Or maybe that mix of both that always seems to spawn the best stuff.

How did you get started making your own films?

I started make short action movies when I got back from Japan in 1997. In 1999 I set out to make my first feature, "El Corazon de la Memoria." In 2000 I made "Meat Market," and since then have made about one feature-length movie per year.

What do you think compels you to create films?

Well obviously I do it to meet girls. The number of cute women I've met who've doffed their clothes and showered for me just because I have a camera in my hand is astounding. But really, the need for artistic expression is probably prevalent in most people; it just comes out in different forms. Some people are musicians, some people customize their cars, some people make art with their bodies by doing dance or what have you.



Give me a five word review of each film you have made so far.

El Corazon – [no comment]

Meat Market – "Badly lit, meandering, satirical, goofy."

Meat Market 2 – "Goofier, gorier, crazy, personal favourite."

Binge & Purge – "Gorgeous women, rushed production, nutty."

Exhumed – "Misunderstood commentary on cinematic self-cannibalism (is that 6?)"

The Dead Inside – "Best thing I've ever done."

How do you define Horror?

As a genre I suppose it's art that's concerned with fear and death whether those are fantastic elements, or "real" elements. Though I think probably all horror in art is fantasy-related, even those that purport to be "reality horror", like serial killer stories.

What first piqued your interest in Horror?

Oddly enough, my girlfriend Claire insisted I sit down and watch all three Evil Dead movies with her one weekend. Horror movies seemed to be a good method of artistic expression and one that was more accessible to a low-budget filmmaker than say, period dramas. And Nick Sheehan, who was a friend of mine years ago, steered me toward trashy Italian zombie movies.

There seems to be a lot of Zombies in your movies...

I've done two zombie movies, a cannibal movie, and an anthology movie with a half-dozen zombies in it. I imagine as a recurring theme it says something about the shuffling corpse of modern cinema, not really aware that it's not alive any longer and eating anything that stands in its path, ha ha.

How have you tried to work against that?

For The Dead Inside the theme deals with the slow "death" of one who becomes increasingly cynical so like my previous work there's a strain of social commentary throughout.

But is it scary?

I've made a real effort at creating a creepy atmosphere with a few good "jump" scares, plus there's a little action and gore, so for this one it's definitely a mix.

What is your most irrational fear?

Bulbous-headed aliens staring in my windows at night, or creeping around the corner at the bottom of the stairs while I walk down them in my house.

What is your greatest fear?

Nuclear war.

What is the scariest experience you've ever encountered?

I've suffered from sleep paralysis on a couple occasions, which is terrifying. It's sort of mixed signals in your brain when you wake up and are conscious, even able to see around the room, but can't move and your body is still in a sleep state. I felt unable to breathe and trying to control my breathing made it worse. I had to force myself awake, and I woke up gasping for air. I worked a description of something similar into The Dead Inside, because it was based on a real experience of mine, so it made it feel more authentic.

When should people really be afraid?

Fear is positive when it's grounded in reality - fear of loss of civil liberties, or of unsafe conditions in the workplace for example, can provoke necessary change. (I suppose this would more accurately be called apprehension than fear.) When it's irrational fear, like fear of outsiders or people you haven't met, or supernatural things like ghosts and goblins, only allow those holding such fears to be manipulated and exploited.

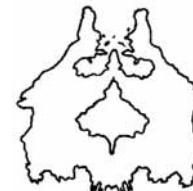
Brian's newest film, "The Dead Inside" will premiere at the H.P. Lovecraft Film Festival in Portland Oregon between October 7th and 9th. The Victoria premiere will take place at The Roxy on Friday October 21st at 11:30 pm.

IS BRIAN CLEMENT REALLY A MADMAN?

To the right: You be the judge. We showed Brian this standardized



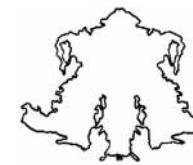
1 Some kind of cool huge spaceship modeled after a beetle.



2 Harry Monster from Sesame Street.



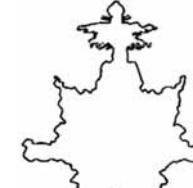
3 A set of hip bones wearing a bow tie.



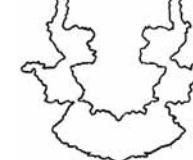
4 View from below a glass platform on which stands a man wearing boots, with his hands on his hips taking a pee on the glass. The pee is just about to hit the glass.



5 Some mutant fairy creature with giant bug eyes and huge antennae.



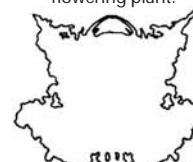
6 Looks kind of like HP Lovecraft's description of the Elder Things in At the Mountains of Madness.



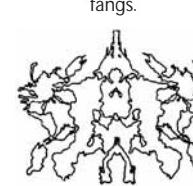
7 A happy napkin with arms giving the "thumbs up" with both hands.



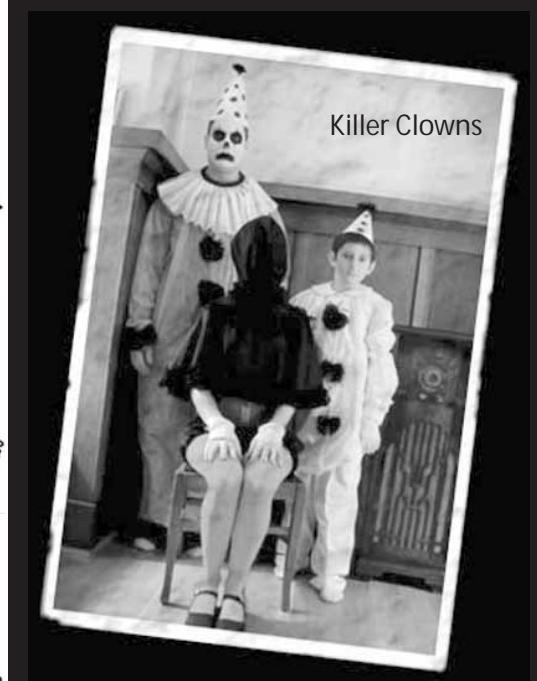
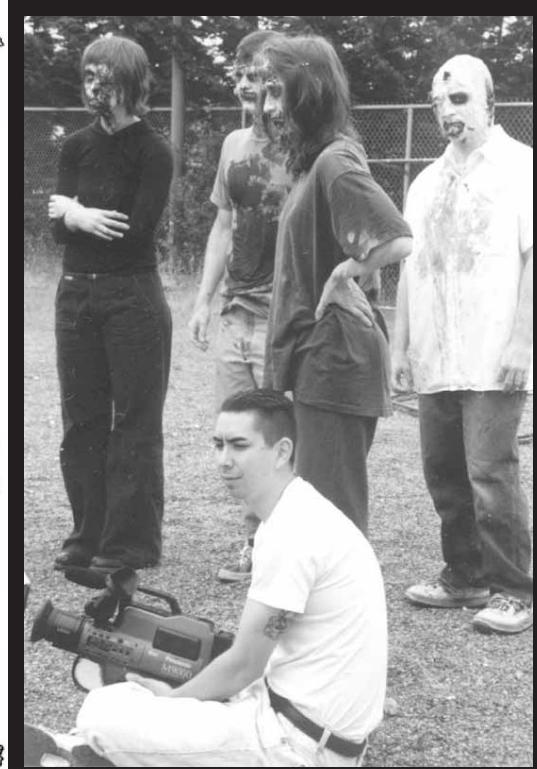
8 A pair of lemurs on either side of a huge flowering plant.



9 Dracula's face in the dark, but it's so dark that all you can see is the light glinting off his fangs.



10 A pair of leaf-like insects standing on the backs of a pair of lizards that are drinking sap from an overhanging flower.





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Watermelon eed Diva Comedian

by Iree-I



"For the past many years I have been a marijuana enthusiast and activist bringing with me to most every stage a clear message of 'Free the Weed'."

-Watermelon



A brief biography, if you would...

Stand up Comic and Weed Diva Watermelon, is Lenny Bruce meets Rusty Warren On a clothing optional beach, and she is very now.

Once voted one of Vancouver's "Top Ten Most Dangerous People" by Loop Magazine Jan 2001.

She's our holy bible HIGH TIMES cover and calendar girl for 2003 Appearing thrice in Amsterdam for the coveted Cannabis Cups as MC. She does yoga in East Van and henceforth lives in the near vicinity. Maybe you've caught one of her Cabarets of questionable taste for instance The BAKED GOODS CABARET, The GROW SHOW, or The PINK SHOW Listened to her on "Talk Radio for Guys." (Insert station number) bought melon slices or ginger snaps off her on Wreck Beach, or seen her cracking the funnies at one of your local stand up comedy spots.

Every year since the beginning she is honored to hand out the awards for the "Wreck Beach Bare Buns Run" Canada's first and only nude marathon.

She started cracking funnies on the outskirts of the middle of nowhere and has now appeared on "Passengers" a documentary style TV show out of the UK, that features up and coming sub culture icons. She is now the proud new mother of a cooking show titled "Baked and Baking." A one hour long cooking show where Martha Stewart meets Cheech and Chong meets SCTV. This babe is scandalous and oh so juicy to watch. She's got a "Brain that just won't quit" but rest assured "She's not here to judge, she's here to jiggle."

"Watermelon looks like she fell out of a 1962 Playboy and started walking and talking." Terminal City

"Curvaceous celebrity among nudists in Vancouver and stoners around the world" The Globe and Mail

Watermelon is a nudist who works on Wreck Beach selling, yep, you guessed it, watermelon. Oh yeah, she may have also sold "magic pot cookies" from time to time as well. She's also a comedian with a wicked sense of almost pornographic humor. After being busted in terrible case of entrapment, she decided to fight her case instead of just rolling over. Since then her fame and notoriety have grown. She's become a model for many marijuana magazines like High Times and Cannabis Culture.

We had the pleasure of talking with marijuana mistress Watermelon after a great performance with those kinky Canadians The Wet Spots at the Cabaret of Questionable Taste. We approached her Highness to be a guest judge in the next weed olympics, she was friendly and down to earth except for the fact that she had been partaking in her own baked goods and was definitely flying high.

AU - How would you describe yourself?

Watermelon - Happy. Healthy. Over the kitchen counter drug dealer.

AU - What really went down with the whole cookie thing?

Watermelon - A couple of plummaged buffoons disguised as RCMP were desperate to be heroes on planet earth, so they organized a sting operation on Wreck Beach to take down the happiest girl alive. They sent in two undercover officers disguised as liberated glaucoma patients who managed to seize three gingersnap cookies after they asked a few beer vendors where something of that nature could be procured. They swiftly left the beach reconvening back at headquarters where they spared no expense or time sealing up the cookies in an air tight vault right after they irradiated them. On to a Richmond courthouse two years later where they were Exhibit A. I of course was innocent and lovely and I might add framed, in more ways than one. I think Dairy Land sponsored the case but haven't any conclusive evidence. So I am flattered to stand here today a free woman who fought the law and won... five times. Three aquittels, two dropped charges and a threatening appeal dissolve into thin air. At the low low price to the tax dollar of in and around a half million maybe a whole. The moral of this story kids is don't swallow poisonous pills, (translation, NEVER COP A PLEA) or you'll never be free again. It might be expensive to be me, but it's expensive to be free.

AU - What's your opinion on decriminalization and or legalization?

Watermelon - It's like weed is too rich, so we have weed lite. Like gay lite. It's okay to be gay just don't hold hands in public.

AU - What do you think of our local weed warrior Ted Smith?

Watermelon - Nice guy. Needs a good lawyer. Needs a lot of support. "Go Ted."

AU - What's your opinion on the whole Mark Emery fiasco?

Watermelon - If he goes, who's next? "The Fags"? the Mexicans? Me, that's who. I am out of here. Going to Buenos Aires to tango dance. Hoping they have some decent weed down there.

AU - What do you think will come of it?

Watermelon - War or Peace the potential for equal goods and bads are there.

AU - What's it like being a hot nudist?

Watermelon - HOT! FREE! I can never decide what not to wear.

AU - What's your obsession with vagina jokes?

Watermelon - Got tired of dick jokes.

AU - What did you think of the weed in Victoria?

Watermelon - Only smoked the one joint. The bag we were packing was from Cortes Island. When I get high everybody is a winner. I'd don't like to judge. I like to jiggle.

AU - Will you be a judge for the weed olympics next issue?

Watermelon - Whatever shall I wear?

AU - What are some highlights of your career?

Watermelon - Getting arrested four times. Getting aquitted three times. My second calendar coming out in the UK for 2006.

AU - What are your plans for the future?

Watermelon - Write a cookbook, go on speaking tour, launch my Pot Cookie Empire!



www.melongirl.com

THE MARIJUANA DIARIES

By Dick Awl

I saw Ira the other day and I asked him about contributions to this mag. He said something Hippie. Fuck. What the fucking hell is Hippie? I ain't no hippie! Fuck I am a born again closet redneck with red eyes, but that ain't nothing to do with the Hippies. First time I saw Marry-Jane she was dressed in licorice paper. It was in Cow Town on a gently sloping hill in the Mount Royal neighborhood around four o'clock in the afternoon, in the early summer while the bugs were still very few. It was some large stemmed seedy Mexican with a slight musty taste going for ten bucks an oz. It reeked like a smoldering compost pile. I was not allowed a direct toke. "You're too young" I was told as my older sibling puffed away. I sat downwind and breathed in deeply a part of each little cloud of the foul smelling smoke that drifted past. I didn't even get a buzz, nothing, not a hint of a high. My sibling and buddies did and ended up almost getting us arrested for stealing a watermelon, a doughnut, a book of matches and for jaywalking. Later that night at a party I encountered acid in the form of a little flying saucer complete with tiny windows. The asking price for the 'hit' which was smaller than a pez candy was ten bucks. I declined the purchase just as the party was raided by the dreaded R.C.M.P Narcs, they always drew their guns I was told, and they did pointing them at a room filled with 13 to 19 year olds. The guy beside me dropped the hit into his beer and drank it down. He looked at me and smiled, "you owe me one." The cops scratched the record playing then proceeded to search us all. They asked for our names and addresses. I was getting fairly hot about being bullied by cops, so when they asked me my name it came out through my restrained voice as "Roachard". They grabbed the guy beside me who blurted out he was Splifred Grabgrass and I was his little brother. The cops left empty handed and the party dissolved.

It was months before I saw Splifred again. My neighbor, a fledgling promotor, kept me busy helping him with putting up posters for a concert he had booked as part of tour for a couple of bands; The Who with The Electric Prunes. He had been having trouble selling enough tickets to keep the tour going. With the aid of posters and a few radio ads, which he had a hard time convincing the radio station to play, he was able to sell just enough tickets to keep the concert. The Who did their thing of busting up their room in the local hotel which resulted in a special city hall meeting where a decree was passed that all rock concerts were officially banned from the city. Crying shame for us, crying shame for Canadian rock scene, the guy was Jon Lord's, of Deep Purple fame, cousin. Met Jon and had tea with him while we talked about classical music and his love of composing, but that was much later on.

It was at the Who concert that I ran into Splifred again. We meet outside the arena the concert was in, we had both came to hear the Electric Prunes, and had never heard of The Who, "what kind of name is that for a fucking band any ways" we said. I was turned away for "being too young" and Splifred for swearing at the ticket takers. We left the small crowd of Who and Prunes fans and wondered down to the river bank. Splifred pulled out a Zig-Zag packet of papers and a tobacco pouch, "You ever have Acapulco Gold?" "No."

"It's the good shit." Splifred rolled up a joint, light it and passed it to me. I took a draw on the joint not knowing what to expect I hadn't even tried a cigarette before so I coughed like all virgins to the sins of smoking. We smoked two pinners in a row, which was a mistake, well perhaps not, but it was a bit much. I ended up at some party puking my guts out while laughing. The swirl of the water going down the can attracted me so much I kept flushing the john behind a lock door away from the long line of need to pee angry drunkards. I climbed out the bathroom window to escape their angry cries. I stealthily made my way through the underbrush of suburbia back to my home, missing The Who concert. Instead I got to toke on a legendary golden yellow sweet, sweet bud, a hallucinogenic kick-ass weed which was and still is very, very rare to find.

SACRED HERB

SACRED HERB
THE HEMP SHOP

pipes, bongs, books & such

#106-561 johnson st vancouver bc

TATTOO ZOO

Gerry Kramer is a true artist when it comes to tattooing. Not only is he a painter, but his medium of preference is truly ink to skin-and this harnesses a quality that allows him to thoroughly enjoy what he does. Gerry is constantly strengthening his abilities. He was apprenticed at the local shop, Stark Raving Tattoo in 1997, and has since held the mentality that tattooing is life, "I eat, sleep and breathe it". When I asked him where he sees himself in ten years, he responded, "Not too far from where I am right now, and leaps and bounds ahead of myself artistically..." And imagine that. He has already established himself as not only masterful, but highly in demand. I found myself looking up to him, trying to think of ways to ameliorate my own art. And then I showed him a piece of my work-the idea for the dreaded inner arm tattoo. Gerry was enthusiastic, and promptly came up with small alterations that would make it more appealing in the end. He methodically drew a new outline, and it was transformed into something much better than what I had brought in.

Gerry loves the timeless traditional style of tattooing, but masters many others as well. He likes to keep an open mind, and finds that variety allows him to look forward to each new piece. I was really happy with the attitude he had the whole time. He was attentive to all of the details, and I felt like he really wanted the tattoo to be successful. This was really important for me, because I knew that his enthusiasm would show in his work. He even convinced me to add more colors, and I'm glad he did. The whole time, I kept glancing down to repeat to myself, "ahhhh that looks so good...Ahh that looks so good!" Despite the fact that it hurt like a Mother! But they always do, and it was well worth the pain. That, and Gerry said I was tough, so I felt better in the end. Gerry is now the owner of Tattoo Zoo, and does a lot of other things in his spare time. He tinkers with vintage motor-scooters, and likes to drive them around, walks his dog (because he loves his dog); and he is also the singer of the local Hardcore band, Tough as Nails. Some of Gerry's artistic influences are Seth Ciferri, Mike Malone, Don Ed Hardy, Norman Collins, Todd Noble, and many others. And he is one of my new time fav' tattooists. I love my new piece, and feel like an ink floozy, but I know I will be going back to Gerry sometime in the future.

Visit Gerry's website at
www.GerryKramer.com
 or at the Tattoo Zoo shop,
 1215 Wharf street Victoria BC
 (250)361-1952
 -Danielle-



Danielle's Finished Piece. Think colour!

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Getting under your skin in style.

The popularity of body modifications like tattooing and body piercing has found a mark in the mainstream today. With reality shows, T.V. specials and international conventions across the globe each year, how can the public deny its powerful presence? It's no longer only the criminals and prostitutes who adorn these forms of modification, people of all walks of life are enjoying the freedom of transforming their human canvases into walking works of art. However, this has opened doors to un-experienced people who want to try their hand at an art form that takes years, even decades to master. Most recognized professionals spend their lives perfecting style and technique, as well constantly improving on disease prevention.

Reputable studios follow strict health and safety requirements as defined by the European union and our government's centers for disease control. Using plastic barriers on all exposed equipment, new inks and caps each client, autoclave sterilization of all re-useable implements, surface disinfectants and proper contaminant disposal units are just the basics. Most people forget about proper hand washing and gloving procedure.

Mike Grant of Universal Tattoo has been perfecting the art of body modification for the past ten years. He knows the facts when it comes to infectious disease control, jewelry fabrication and human anatomy & physiology; and still touches up with new advancements in the industry.

"I made damn sure I was going to be one of the best at what I love doing".

Being able to give an educated answer to a client who is concerned about their body is a good feeling for him. He feels by assisting the public in making smarter choices, he is helping them to ask the right questions, and get the best work possible. Here are some basic pointers from Mike for those who are searching for further information before making a decision:

1. Ask about their experience and view their personal photo portfolio before deciding on getting work done.

2. Ask about their methods of sterilization and how they were trained on disease control. And Make sure they wash their hands before they glove up to touch you.

3. Make sure you've looked around! The cheapest price usually results in cheaper quality. You wouldn't shop for the cheapest doctor would you?

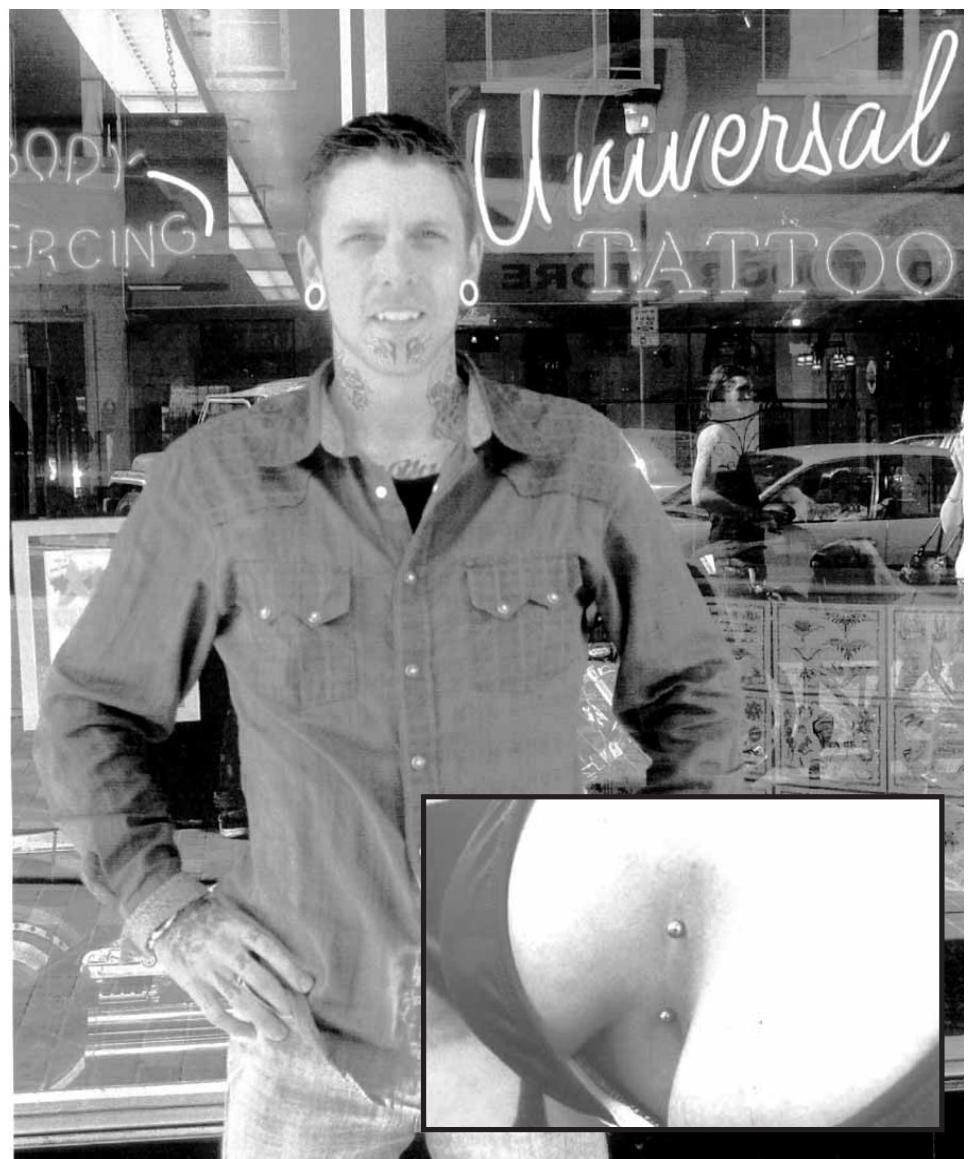
There's a saying in this business, "good body art isn't cheap, and cheap body art isn't good".

Mike is an encyclopedia for technical modification procedures and safety. If anyone has any further questions concerning any type of modification, no matter how extreme the method, feel free to ask him first.

Mike's experience has led him through some of western Canada's best studios as well as international quest spots with famed artists like Lucas Zpira at Bode Art in Avignon France, Sampsa at MadMax in Finland, Howie in Australia and most recently he has been offered a spot at the ST Tattoo studio on Venice Beach California, owned and operated by the members of Suicidal Tendencies. He's also been the honorary speaker at the Vancouver Island regional environmental health officers meetings each year, training medical health officials on body art procedural safety and applications.

As Advanced Adornment he's been featured in numerous international magazines and advertisements and he's now working on a DVD tattoo magazine for summer 2006.

Mike now works out of Universal Tattoo & Piercing in Victoria, where he provides basic and advanced piercing, custom industrial jewelery design, surface piercing, below the belt piercing, body suspensions, and more. You can view his personal portfolio full of various piercing and scarification photos from years past, including a long list of health and safety information as well as Safepiercing.com aftercare pamphlets. Visit the studio or check out www.universaltattoos.com, and coming soon www.advancedadornment.com.



CLASSIC ROCK SUNDAYS

\$3 Draught

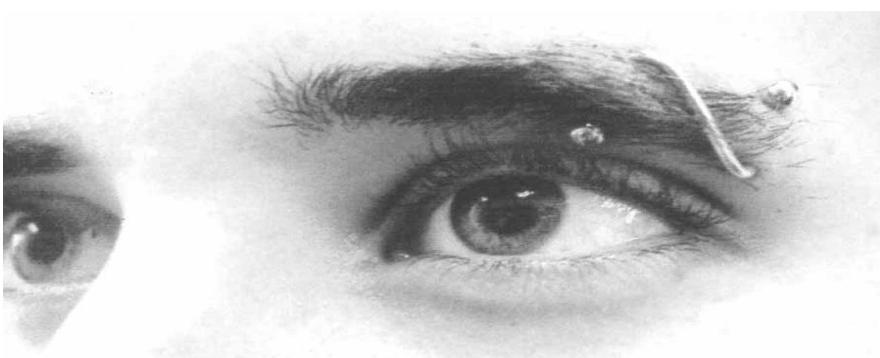
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Turn up the good

\$3 Hi-balls

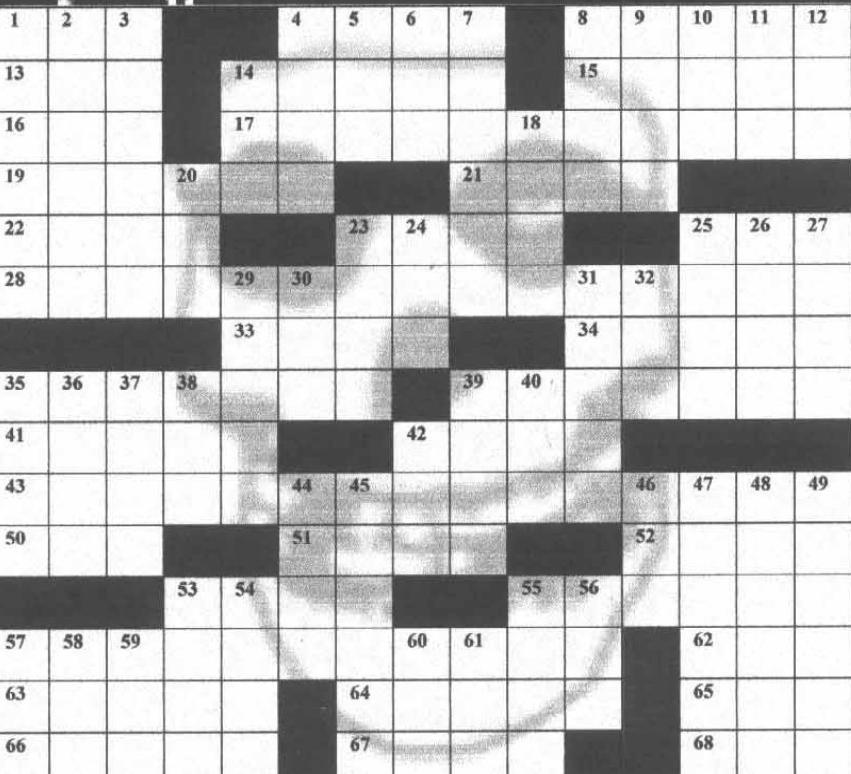
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MISFITS



Across

- Motor neuron disease
- Porno,etc.
- Type of tree
- Kermit or Gonzo(abbr)
- Coda
- Odd
- Gone by
- Oct.30
- God's wounds (thanks Simpsons!)
- in Space
- Exxon,now
- of March
- Mamma ___!
- MISFITS tune("...don't cry to me, 'Oh baby!'")
- A most vicious crime
- .28g approx.
- PGA major
- Pool distances
- Murray Fucking _____ Of Lumox

Down

- Rapt
- Bela who played Dracula
- Husband or Wife
- Takes to Court
- US MuchMusic
- URL cousin
- Rang out eerily
- UNICEF
- Halloween receptacles
- Radiate
- "Get it,daddy-O?"
- Evil Dead dude
- Q-T connector
- Amiss
- Cubs DH
- Silent "yes"
- Little devils
- Colourant
- \$\$\$ Factory
- .26.5mm approx.
- All ___ gig
- Goodnight gal
- Rabbit costume feature
- Lord of Dogtown
- MISFITS & IRON MAIDEN song title
- Stitch up
- Rock of ___
- Vera
- A Spice Girl
- MISFITS LP(Part 1)
- MISFITS LP(Part 2)
- Classic Film Studio(Gone with the Wind,etc.)
- French Physicist Paul
- Gem(slang)
- Russian Space Station(R.I.P)
- The Grim Reaper
- Roman X's
- Sault ___ Marie

by dan SCUM



DAN ZIGGY

by gareth gaudin 2005



BY ROBIN THOMPSON 05

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH!
WHAT A REVOLT'N DEVELOPMENT!



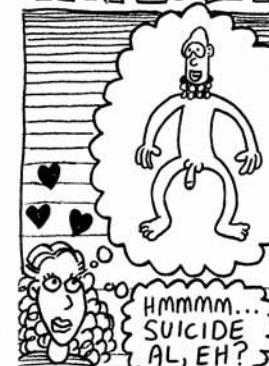
TIME IS RUNNING OUT... GOT'TA THINK FAST...



MMM... THERE'S A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE!



HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE



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RANDY CHAOS 04

LAST ISSUES ANSWERS

Mass Grave interview.

Who is Mass Grave?

Hesher: 4 really tallstoners.

Can Mass Grave name 3 uses for dental floss other than oral hygiene?

Hesher: I have always wanted to go to a hardcore show, creep around and thread all the kids with those stretched ears together with floss. You know and then when a really crazy part comes I'd pull really hard on the floss then all their heads would slam together. It would be awesome. Other than that I don't ever use the shit.

Goat: I was just flossing and I popped out a piece of my filling, so now I have a hole in my tooth. I'll never floss again.

What can you guys usually be found doing on a Friday night?

Hesher: Screaming at some local band to play some fuckin Discharge!!!

What were the highlights of distort fest?

Hesher: Seeing Global Holocaust from Montreal and the tons of other great bands that played the fest. Partying all night with the Americans and introducing them to the gasmask bong.

Do politics play a role in the functioning of the band? Are you a pc crust band?

Goat: Although we write lyrics on certain topics that some would see as being political, ie; destruction of the environment, extinction of animals, greed, racism ect. We do not consider ourselves to be a political band, and definitely not pc. We respect anyone and their views if they respect ours. We're just sick of people who point their finger at others, but hide their own faults. No ones perfect.

Bongs, pipes, or doobies?

Woody: Definitely doobies. Easiest to pass around, plus there's nothing better than sparkin up a fatty.

Message to the citizens of Victoria?

Hesher: You should go see Acting Ensign and make sure you get really blazed right before.

Have you spread Mass Grave around? What are some of your favourite places to play?

Goat: We toured Canada a few years back with Neckbeerd. Last year we toured the States and Canada for nearly 6 weeks, and just recently we did a mini Edmonton Saskatoon tour.

Hesher: Definitely Saskatoon. Lots of kids who go crazy and party down with us. There is a strong grindcore and punk scene there.

Have you recorded anything recently?

Goat: We recorded enough songs recently for 2 split 7 inches with Poser Disposer from Saskatoon and Pretty Little Flower from Houston Texas. Thanks to Russel for hookin up free recording!

What's up next for you guys?

Goat: We leave on tour October 14th for about 3 weeks. We're goin' down the coast and cuttin' through to Minneapolis, then a few Canadian dates. Check our site for details. Other than that, more albums and more tours!!! Shout outs to Victoria and Vancouver punks and all our friends we have made in our travels. See ya on the road." Peace.

visit our Website for Mass Grave MP3's at
<http://www.tourvic.com/absoluteunderground>

www.myspace.com/massgrave • www.myspace.com/akkolyte
www.myspace.com/warfair

-Bumsexjen



in their own words.

Mass Grave are a four piece crust/grind band currently livin' it up in East Vancouver. They deliver a tight blend of early grindcore (think Napalm Death and Terrorizer) and early 90's crustcore (like Extreme Noise Terror and Disrupt). They've recorded a split with Neckbeerd as well as some other random demos. In the 3 years that they've been together they've toured the States and Canada and will be heading back out this fall to play with Dallas' Akkolyte and Phoenix's Warfair. Keep your eyes out for a split with Mass Grave/Warfair sometime soon. They'd like to give a shout out to Vic and Van punks and all their friends that they've made in their travels and they'll see you on the road. "Stay high cus pig's can't fly"

An advertisement for Hive Hair Lounge. The top half features the word "HIVE" in large, stylized letters with a small crown icon above the "I". Below it, "Hair Lounge" is written in a smaller, serif font. The bottom half features the words "KILLER HAIR" in large, bold letters, followed by the phone number "250-361-4473" and the address "614 JOHNSON ST.". To the right of the text, there is a black and white photograph of a person's hair being styled with a blow dryer and a round brush. The background of the ad is a textured, light-colored surface.

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CINEMA SEWER

"THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO
PROTECT THE GUILTY!"



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HOPLESSLY
PATHETIC
MOVIE
NERD WHO
REALLY
NEEDS TO
GET A LIFE
★ ★ ★
BY ROBIN BOUGUE
©2004

HONEY, I KNOW IT'S
BEEN A WHOLE 3
HOURS SINCE YOU'VE
BID ON SOME STUPID
MOVIE MEMORABILIA
CRAP ON EBAY - AND
I'M PROUD OF YOU
FOR ACHIEVING THIS.

I'M TAKING YOU OUT
FOR A WALK, OK?

I'M TAKING YOU OUT
FOR A WALK, OK?



BERT I. GORDON, VETERAN DIRECTOR OF HIS FAIR SHARE OF CAMPY 1950'S MONSTER MOVIES TOOK ONE LAST MISGUIDED KICK AT THE OVERGROWN INSECT CAN WITH 1977'S *EMPIRE OF THE ANTS*. OL' BERT (BLESS HIS HEART) TOOK HIS RETARDED DRIVE-IN BUG MOVIE VERY SERIOUSLY AND CAST JOAN COLLINS, THE PINNACLE OF HIGH SOCIAL GRACE AND CLASS IN HOLLYWOOD - AND A WOMAN WHOSE RESUME INCLUDES *THE BIRCH*, *THE STUD*, AND *THE VIRGIN QUEEN*. (TAKE TIME TO PONDER THAT FACTOID WIF ME, WILL YOU?) BUT POOR JOAN IS TOTALLY IN OVER HER HEAD WHILE TRYING TO ACT ALONGSIDE GIANT ANT PUPPETS! AND ON THE VIDEO BOX ITSELF, IT STATES THAT THE MOVIE IS ONE "MISS COLLINS WOULD RATHER US FORGET!"

AFTER ESCAPING FROM A GIANT ANT ATTACK WHILE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, JOAN AND A LACKLUSTER GROUP OF ACTORS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE NEAREST TOWN FOR HELP. OF COURSE, THE SHERIFF OF THE HAMSEED BURG IS AN ANT SLAVE. "ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL?", HE SAYS ABOUT THE QUEEN, "SHE'S FANTASTIC... WE MUST OBEY. WE HAVE NO CHOICE. SHE MAKES US DO IT." EVEN AFTER HE SPELS IT OUT LIKE THAT IN PLAIN LANGUAGE, IT TAKES OUR LEAD CHARACTERS ANOTHER 40 MINUTES TO REALIZE EVERYONE IN TOWN IS UNDER THE GIANT ANTS CONTROL! HI-FUCKIN'-LARIOUS!

SO YEAH, JUST LIKE YOU WERE HOPING. STATELY JOAN CO

**...for they shall inherit the earth!
...SOONER THAN YOU THINK!**

H. G. WEISS

Empire of the Ants

OK, I MADE UP THAT LAST PART, SORRY. BUT JOAN DOES BECOME AN ANT SLAVE WHILE THE REST OF THE CHARACTERS ESCAPE A GOOFY SUGAR-MAKING FACILITY. THE ANTS SOMEHOW ORGANIZED. LUCKILY, THERE JUST HAPPENS TO BE A TANKER TRUCK, CLEARLY MARKED 'FLAMMABLE' OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, AND ONE OF 'EM DOES...UH.. SOMETHING TO MAKE IT EXPLODE, ALTHOUGH IT SIMPLY LOOKS LIKE HE JUST STARTS UP THE ENGINE. SOMEHOW DOING THAT MAKES EVERYTHING NEARBY GO UP IN FLAMES, AND OUR GANG ESCAPES ON A BOAT.

FUCK, THIS SHIT IS TERRIBLE - BUT ALSO
TOTALLY NUTTY AND FUN. CHECK OUT THE
RECENT CHEAP MGM DVD! - ROBIN

"IT'S A FUCKING MAGAZINE, ASSHOLE!"

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HORROR BUSINESS

I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

(ELITE ENTERTAINMENT 2005)
DIRECTED BY MIER ZARCHI 1978
(Originally titled DAY OF THE WOMAN)

by Mickey Maggot

While watching Siskel and Ebert on "Sneak Previews" one night before going to bed in 5th grade, I noticed for the first time they actually were agreeing on how much they hated a movie. These assholes always argued, but on this particular night they both had agreed that a new film I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE (filmed 2 years earlier) should be banned. They called it smut! They called it shit I had never heard of! I searched hard for it and eventually talked my mom into renting it for me in grade 7 from Crazy Mike's. All I can remember from back then was feeling disturbed, and actually wishing I hadn't rented it in the first place. So when I came recently upon this at gay and b sound, I just had to have another peek, so bought it. I still felt bad after watching this complete bummer of a movie, so I watched it again. Now I feel worse.

A young writer leaves the big city and goes out to the country, renting a cottage to finish her books in peace and tranquility. She ends up in a town kind of like Sooke, where right off the bat she is hit upon by the 3 cheeseballs and the token retard, but she does not take this as any sort of warning and within a few days they bother her with a powerboat as she tries to write in her canoe (that was the scene on Siskel and Ebert) and before long our lovely young starlet is being brutally gang-raped by the 3 cheeseballs. They even try to get the half-wit in on the fun but he holds off as she is repeatedly sodomized on a rock. When she finally crawls home after this horrid ordeal, they do it all over again, making it pretty hard to watch at this point (remember in Clockwork Orange when they made Alex watch those rape films).

Now I'm almost certain that no human on the planet could endure this much abuse, but we are left in utter terror as they actually come back a third fucking time!! And the fucking dunce even has a go! Then she is assaulted with a wine bottle! (imagine how I felt in grade 7 watching this shit, holmes!) After the viagra wears off we find our scumbags going back to do some fishing, and like a bunch of braniacs, they all elect don tardo to go back and kill the poor writer, so being a fuckin' retard he chickens out and tells all the boys he'd offed her, when in fact she is slowly recovering with a burning vengeance. She has a two day shower and starts wearing all black, you just can sense that the shit will go down soon and fuck does she deliver the goods. We find ourselves cheering as she humps the moron, asphyxiating him at the minute of his death, 1 down 3 to go! The next scene was one that was to be talked about for the next two decades and also set up Lorain Bobbitt with a modus operandi. I don't know about you cats but I don't know if I would get into a bath with a woman I had just gang-raped with my pallios. Anyways she cuts his fuckin cock right off! He screams like a motherfucker, grabbing where his hooter used to be, with blood shooting out of his balls like a Peter North load! We are left with the camera panning away from the best bathroom goreshot you've ever fucking seen! Now that we are cheering for vigilante murder, it is quite the treat and one of my favorite all-time scenes to watch as we witness our writer come after the rednecks in the very same boat they came at her with, plunging an axe into one and giving the other guy a propeller masturbation that results in death from extreme blood-loss. The whole feel of this film is kinda orange and hot, you can really see the influences in "DEVIL'S REJECTS", the way in which it was filmed is almost slow moving at times, creating a sort of hypnotic affect and for those of you who didn't have a stop-watch... that rape scene is 27 minutes long, so you can stick "IRREVERSIBLE" up your french ass, you ass. The DVD was 25 bucks or so and comes with a crazy commentary from the director and one from cult film guru Joe-Bob Briggs. The transfer is beautiful and please let us not forget that if you were to take a date to this movie in Chicago in 1980, you would have actually seen Siskel and Ebert picketing this film out front of the numerous movie houses that had the balls to screen it. Isn't one of those cocksuckers dead?



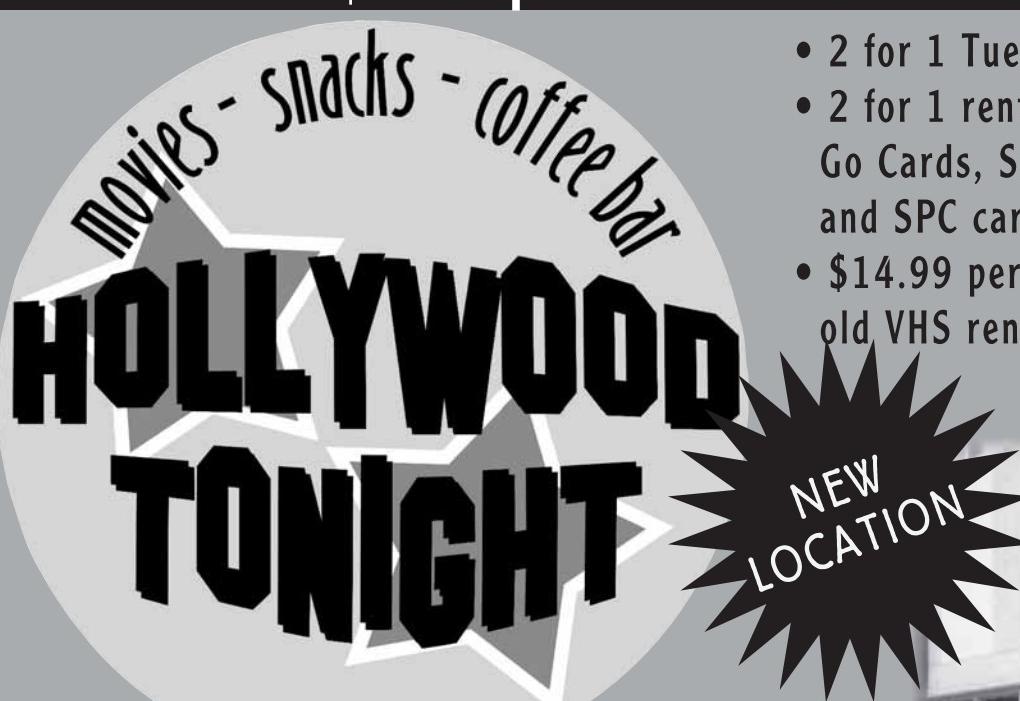
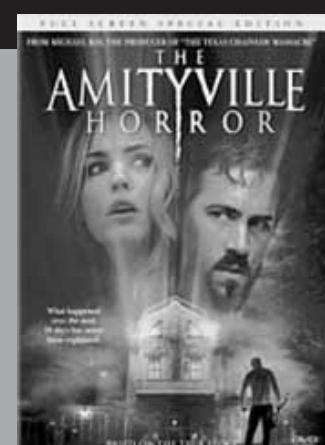
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